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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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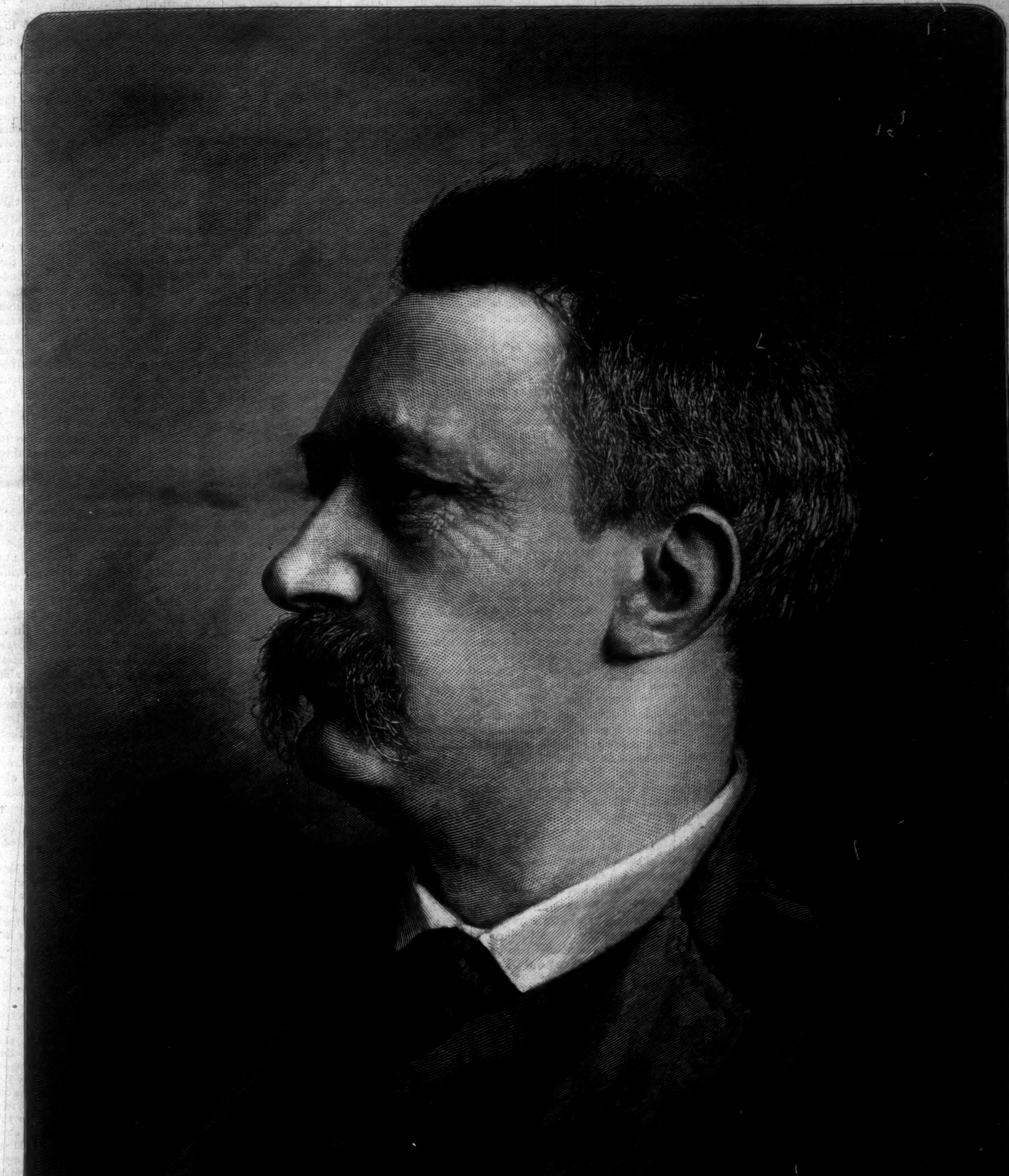

THEODORE THOMAS.—From a Photograph by Max Platz, Chicago.—[See Page 263.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The leading pictorial attraction of the number issued April 21 *is a full-page engraving of*

"QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILD,"

to accompany which Mrs. Lillie *has written a charmingly gossipy and sympathetic sketch of the happy hours that pass in the royal nurseries of Windsor and Berlin.*

Another timely article, with an illustration by C. D. Weldon, *is on the recent marriage of "Mrs. Tom Thumb" and* Count Magri.

The paper entitled "Pleasant Hours in the Garden" is continued and concluded in this number.

In fiction there is an installment of "Rolf House"; a capital short story by Sophie Swett, *entitled "A Brother of Charity"; and "The Romance of M. de Belleisle," told by* James Payn—*a narrative which gains in interest rather than loses through being truth and not fiction.*

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A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 25, 1885.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

A WAR between England and Russia for ascendency in India would be a tremendous conflict. All the resources of modern military and naval science would be brought into play, and by a system of privateering, England, upon the ocean and in her vast colonial extension, could be struck by Russia at a thousand points. On sea and land, and on every continent, the conflict would be carried on, and the days of **Chatham**, when the news of English battles came with every morning, would be renewed. The policy of Russia for the last generation has tended to supremacy in Asia, and in a great and general view, as contrasted with the immovability of the Asian continent, and without regarding England in Asia, it is a civilizing policy. But it was inevitable, of course, that the Russian advance would at last reach the frontier of British Asian power, and that the two empires should compete for mastery. So in the middle of the last century England and France came face to face upon this continent, and the English race was victorious. The Revolution that followed, the independence of the colonies, and the rise of the new nation did not dislodge that race, nor its language, laws, faith, tradition, and civilization. In the deepest and truest sense the same blood, the same political genius, the same spirit in laws and government, which have made England have made the United States. There are, indeed, mixtures of differing races, of other blood, of a conflicting spirit, but the dominant and characteristic impulse of English and American development is the same.

In a great controversy for dominion, therefore, between England and Russia, American sympathy will naturally lean toward England. It is not that as a state England has been always friendly to us, for she has not always been so. Not only did the Revolution and the later war tend bitterly to alienate feeling, but the attitude of the English government toward us in our civil war was cold and unfriendly. It must not be forgotten, however, that while the ministry and Parliament, and the London clubs and drawing-rooms, and the *Times*, were hostile, the English people were kindly, and great Englishmen were our friends. The Russian Government, indeed, assured us of its sympathy. But to the Russian people we were practically unknown. It is not that England as a state has been uniformly friendly that in such a controversy as that which impends we should regret her defeat, but because, historically and upon the whole, England has been the great champion of liberty in modern Christendom, and that her objects and course, the extension of popular rights, the progress of the great body of the people, have been and are our objects also. Would any sagacious American see with pleasure Russian privateers sweep England from the ocean, or Russian military hordes expelling England from India, and the Czar replacing the Queen? Undoubtedly England and Russia are both invaders of India. But the present question is not that. The question of to-day is whether the world, whether liberty and civilization, would gain by dislodging England from India and planting Russia there. Would we substitute Russian influence for English influence in the world?

There can be no doubt of the answer to that question. Russia invading Turkestan may be the advance of civilization upon quasi-barbarism. But Russia driving England from India is quasi-barbarism advancing upon civilization. As we write, the conflict seems to be hardly avoidable. The Russian explanation of the attack upon the Afghans is plausible. But at such a time, and in the actual situation, the probabilities of the case must determine. Why is Russia in such force upon that point? Why are troops constantly pressed forward? Why is such constant explanation necessary? What has been the Russian course in that country, and what is the general object of that course? The answers to such questions reveal the extreme probability of war. In that event the course of our Government would be one of absolute neutrality. Fitting out, arming, and equipping vessels which may be supposed to be intended for use against a friendly power are prohibited, and so is the use of our waters as a base of naval operations, or to obtain military supplies, or to recruit crews. Our duty is plain, and undoubtedly it will be vigorously discharged. The shock of war between the two empires is apparently imminent, and even if postponed it can not be finally averted.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.

Both Republican and Democratic machine politicians are of opinion that the President's course will divide his party, and they say frankly that if the patronage of the government is not used to reward the "boys," an election has no meaning, and a party will certainly go to pieces. It is well at last to have this issue raised distinctly, and the position taken that the real object of elections is the distribution of patronage, and that elections are unmeaning and all interest in them would disappear if it were understood that the patronage was not to be distributed. This theory assumes that the "boys," the machine politicians, are the real and vital force in a party, and that those who hold to certain principles and policies are of less importance, and, in fact, can not hope to have the necessary work done to carry out their principles, except by hiring the boys with patronage. Of course, if this doctrine were true, real popular government would be at an end, and elections would be merely contests between political bosses for the control of the public money to pay their henchmen. And it is precisely because this is the result brought about by the practice of using the patronage as the reward of party service that public opinion compelled Congress to pass the civil service reform law, and that the most intelligent practical political observers acknowledge the necessity of the reform.

The assertion that the sole interest in elections lies in the scramble for patronage is disproved by the experience of England, where parties are quite as ardent as they are here, where elections are quite as exciting, and where but a handful of subordinate changes follow a party victory. It is disproved quite as conclusively by our own history, when for forty years the patronage was not distributed at every change of administration, and when party spirit was as fierce as it has ever been in our day. Interest in elections was quite as deep in the time of **Adams** and **Jefferson** and **Madison** and **Monroe** and **John Quincy Adams** as it is now. It is often said that **John Quincy Adams** was defeated because he would not use the patronage to help himself. The chief reasons of his defeat, however, were of another kind; and his error in regard to the patronage was not that he would not use it for himself, but that he did not prevent his subordinates from using it against him. The truth is that the great mass of the people care nothing for the patronage in itself; but they now see clearly, as they have never seen before, how fatal it is to honest and decent politics, and how surely it makes parties the tools of the most venal politicians, and therefore there is now a public sentiment to reckon with which when the Democrats went out of power a quarter of a century ago did not exist.

To say as **Buchanan** would have said, and in fact did say in a speech when **Taylor** was elected, that not to treat the public service as spoils would defeat the party, is to forget that there is a sentiment in the President's party which would be inevitably alienated from him if he should follow the Bourbon advice. Grant that the Tammany Democrats and the Butlerites would be furious should a general policy of reform be followed by the Administration, is it any less true that a strong and effective body which sympathizes with the address of the Brooklyn Young Democratic Club would be alienated if it pursued the familiar spoils policy? Is there any doubt, also, that an adherence to the reform would attract the Independent vote, which was never so large or so independent as now, and that a Democratic Administration conspicuously honest, diligent, and reformatory, which did not seek to pension rebel soldiers, or to pay rebel debts, or to reverse any accepted results of the war, or to do any of the predicted wrongs, as contrasted with a Republican Legislature in New York angling for the Irish Catholic vote, and toying with a practical repeal of the State reform acts, would impress intelligent and patriotic Republicans as something very different from a national disaster? Practical politics are by no mean summed up in the assertion that distributing the spoils sagaciously among his partisans is to-day the chief duty of a President. That is a theory which takes no account of the immense change in public opinion, and of the fact that there are voters enough to decide the election in New York who are not frightened when they hear sensible government called snivel service reform.

INEXCUSABLE ACCIDENTS.

There are two recent lamentable disasters in the city of New York, which were wholly needless and inexcusable, yet for which nobody is likely to be punished. One was the collision on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad; the other was the fall of the tenement-houses just built in West Sixty-second Street. They were disasters which properly can not be called accidents, because they are virtually crimes. At Chatham Square the track of the Second Avenue Railroad joins that of the Third Avenue, and as the Third Avenue trains pass quite as frequently as trains should pass on any track, the Second Avenue cars have not run below the square, but the passengers have been transferred. This arrangement was in obedience to the paramount consideration of safety.

For some reason, but for what reason is of no importance, since none is adequate, a change in this scheme was made, and the trains of the Second Avenue road were permitted to run upon the Third Avenue track in addition to the trains which already occupied it fully. The result was inevitable. On the second day of the new arrangement, amid the windings of the track in Pearl Street, one train crashed into another, and luckily with no further injury than that of the unfortunate fireman who received severe injuries. The extent of the disaster, however, was a mere chance. The incident itself suddenly revealed to the public the fact that thousands of human lives are intrusted every day to apparently incompetent management. The first reasonable assumption of the results of such a change was that the least delay, which may be expected at any moment, would block the track and stop travel, and it was the first duty to perceive that the consequences of the block could be averted only by an adequate system of signaling at every curve. Such provision was not made, so far as known. If it was made, and the cause of the collision was neglect of a duty which if not neglected would have prevented the collision, the fault was not primarily that of the management.

The case of the falling houses seems to be quite as bad. It was a case of bricks without mortar. Brick shells of houses were run up with mud for mortar, and they naturally tumbled down, burying the workmen in the ruins, with terrible injury and loss of life. The general public indifference to safety in buildings, however, forbids the expectation of the proper enforcement of proper laws to regulate building. The honest builders desire such laws, but the dishonest are able to prevent their passage. When, indeed, some awful catastrophe occurs, when a theatre or a hotel is burned like a house of card-paper, with a frightful loss of life, there is an uproar in the press for a few days, and then an end. If proper building laws were properly enforced, such building as that in Sixty-second Street would be impossible. If the supervision of the elevated roads were what it should be, such a collision as that in Pearl Street could not occur.

A REPUBLICAN CLUB.

The recent resolution of the Union League Club of New York that it is still a Republican club seems to be superfluous or suspicious. Is there any doubt that it is a Republican club, as, substantially, it has always been? And if so, what is the occasion of the doubt? The resolution, as it was adopted, could have been supported by any Republican member of the club, because, very wisely, it does not rescind the previous resolution requesting the committee upon admissions not to interrogate candidates as to their support of an election of any specific Republican nomination.

The club was originally organized as a Union club, and the only qualification for membership prescribed by its constitution is a social standing agreeable to the club, and unswerving loyalty to the Union and the government. But since the formation of the club the situation has changed, and the club has gradually become almost exclusively Republican. The occasion of the recent trouble was the assumption by the committee on admissions of a right to add to the constitutional requirements an inquiry as to the vote of the applicant for a particular candidate at an election. The folly of such a course is evident. It would essentially change the character of the club from an association of gentlemen friendly to Republican principles to an association of the supporters of one man. It would degenerate from a Union Republican club into a **Blaine** club, which is something very different.

There were undoubtedly many excellent and proper members of the club who thought in 1882 that fidelity to Republican principles required them not to support the Republican candidate for Governor, honorable man though he was. There were members, we believe, who voted against the Republican Presidential candidate in 1876. There were members who voted against the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1884, although they voted for other Republican candidates. In other words, the club is an association of independent American gentlemen who believe in Republican principles, and vote accordingly, reserving the right not to vote for canditates whom they believe to be unworthy. It is not an annex of a party machine. Such we have always supposed it to be, and such it now—and, as we think, unnecessarily—declares itself to be.

R. R. R.

The Reverend Mr. Burchard has been retired upon a very small salary, and he is reported to have said that his congregation had not been united in friendly feeling toward him since the election. The treatment which he has received from the Blaine organs also has been exceedingly ungenerous.

The facts are familiar. As part of the humbuggery of the campaign, it was decided that a reception of Mr. Blaine by clergymen should take place in New York to impress the country with the appearance of religious sympathy with his candidacy, and Mr. Burchard, one of his ardent supporters, was selected to make the speech on behalf of the clergy, in which he described the essential elements of the Democratic party as Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. This was, however, a most unfortunate "derangement of epitaphs," for while the Blaine managers intended to impress the country publicly with the appearance of Protestant evangelical support of their candidate, they were privately arranging for Catholic votes. The honest Mr. Burchard's remark, therefore, seemed to them like a dynamite bomb, and they have never forgiven him.

But Mr. Burchard merely stated in an epigrammatic form the view of the Democratic party which has been generally held by Republicans, and which was often plainly and pungently expressed by Mr. Greeley. When the *Tribune* was supporting Mr. Greeley, the Democratic candidate against General Grant, the Weekly published a posy for the Democracy, consisting of selections from Mr. Greeley's *Tribune* articles upon the Democratic party, which expressed precisely the sentiments of Mr. Burchard. That unfortunate gentleman merely put into a phrase the substance of the great mass of the speeches for Mr. Blaine during the canvass, and his fate is certainly hard.

THE MACHINE AND THE PEOPLE.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, an intimate friend of Mr. Blaine, is reported as saying that Mr. Cleveland is going to give a very good Administration to the country, but a very bad one for his party. The Administration, he says, will be approved by the people, but not by the party managers. When asked,

> "Will not Cleveland gain great strength among the people who are not politicians? will he not draw off all those of no particular politics [who are those?] who have always voted with the Republicans?"

Mr. Phelps is reported as saying,

> "Yes, he will draw off all those; but they, with all their numbers, can not make up for the loss of party managers."

Mr. Phelps is further reported as saying that "there are lots of Democratic Senators who would be better satisfied if Blaine were in the White House"; that "the South" would have had more to expect from Blaine's election; that Democrats voted for him; and "if he were to be nominated in 1888, Democratic managers would support him, and he would get an immense Democratic vote."

With this Republican tribute to the power of the party machine, and to the acceptability of Mr. Blaine to the party which Mr. Blaine's best friends revile as a party of rebel brigadiers which puts the gray above the blue, we contrast the words of the *Staats-Zeitung*, the chief German Democratic paper in the country:

> "In the experiment which the President is engaged in, the government of the people is in a great degree at stake. If a good Administration is deserted by its party for the simple reason that it is good, and if it finds among the people no compensation for this desertion, the mainstay of our most important institutions would be broken, and there would be no hope for any lasting reform hereafter."

TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.

The Civil Service Commission at Washington has issued a notice which is worthy the attention of all who are seeking a place in the public service:

> "We have information that in many of the States the number applying to be examined is greatly in excess of what is needed to secure competent persons for all vacancies likely to occur for six months. Vacancies are being constantly filled from those examined, but the number of those applying is so very great that the larger part of them, and especially all those of inferior capacity, must be disappointed. While there will probably be a considerable number of removals, the vague expectation of sweeping changes, for the mere purpose of partisan patronage, does not seem likely to be realized. The Commission does not wish to be responsible for the many disappointments which must follow the examination of a needless number. The requests for examination are more excessive in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, and California."

THE CONVICTION OF FISH.

The conviction of James D. Fish, the late president of the Marine Bank, is not only just in itself, but it tends to satisfy the public craving for justice in connection with the Ward swindles. Why Ward has escaped the fitting punishment of his offenses has not been explained. It is alleged that it is in his power to make very unpleasant revelations, and to implicate persons who are not suspected of transactions with him, and that justice is consequently delayed. Such an explanation, however, would only make the whole affair blacker and more disgraceful.

The conviction of Fish may perhaps call public attention more pointedly to the fact that many of the banks which solicit and receive deposits of the small and careful earnings of persons who take no part in money gambling, and who seek only a place of security for their current means, are merely offices of wild-cat speculation under the absolute control of one man. Why such control should be tolerated by boards of directors is not explained. But the disasters of a year ago will not have been without good results if they should lead men of character to decline positions of responsibility in which they can know nothing of the business for which they are responsible, and depositors to avoid all banks which are known to be dens of speculation and gambling.

Nobody who has followed the reports of the Fish trial will have any doubt of the justice of the result, and the whole story of the Ward swindle should show ignorant dabblers in stocks and Wall Street transactions that the doubling up of money in a very short time by legitimate and honest business is impossible. The greater the mystery and the apparent profit, the greater should be the distrust.

AMERICAN RIGHTS ABROAD.

Secretary Bayard has replied to the request to take action in the cases of Burton and Cunningham, who are charged with participation in the recent atrocious attempt to murder innocent men, women, and children by blowing up public buildings in London. The Secretary's letter is a dignified and proper statement of the position of the Government. It will lend promptly all lawful aid possible to secure a just and fair trial to any American citizen charged as a criminal in a foreign country, and triable within its jurisdiction.

The Secretary adds that there is no provision by law to pay for counsel in such cases, nor for agents to report the proceedings, but that he hopes that a proper appropriation will be made by Congress for the supervision of important trials of Americans abroad and for an intelligent report of serious cases. There is no buncombe of any kind in the letter, which states plainly and strongly the sound American doctrine upon the subject.

While there is no reason to doubt that the honor of the American name and the rights of every American citizen will be promptly and energetically maintained by this Administration upon every occasion and at every point, there is also no ground for supposing that the Department of State will be conducted upon the principle of "nagging" England or any other friendly power. The most serious disturbances in foreign countries are imminent, and it is certainly a cause for congratulation that the Department of State is under the direction of a wise and able and experienced public man, whose course will be neither pugnacious nor sensational, and will undoubtedly command the approval and support of the most patriotic and intelligent opinion of all parties in the country.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

The Niagara Reservation Bill will have become a law when this paper is published, and a public work of the highest importance, which has been promoted by the most intelligent public opinion of the State, will be carried to completion. The result is a triumph of public spirit and good sense, for which posterity will be grateful. It secures one of the most sublime natural spectacles in the world from practical destruction, and opens it freely and forever to every one who desires to enjoy it.

The original bill, which would have imposed a tax of about twenty-eight cents on every inhabitant of the State in order to obtain control of the neighborhood of the cataract, has been modified so as to extend the payment over a longer period. The expense of the magnificent acquisition to the State will be inappreciable to the tax-payer, and the mere pecuniary advantage to the State, when it is known that the neighborhood of Niagara Falls is in a becoming condition, and that the view of them is no longer hopelessly obstructed, will be very great.

The happy issue of the movement is largely due to the energy and sagacity of the Executive Committee of the Association and to the assiduity and devotion of the Secretary, Mr. J. B. Harrison. The Commission appointed by Governor Cleveland to ascertain the fair price that should be paid, and the total freedom of every step of the enterprise from all suspicion of jobbery, have been powerful influences toward the good result. The Niagara Reservation Bill is one of the acts of the Legislature which may be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction by every intelligent American citizen.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, after investigating the subject, sees no objections to roller-skating rinks *per se*, but condemns the flirtation that sometimes goes on there. If a young man is seen taking off his hat to a lady roller-skater whom he does not know, Dr. Talmage advises that he be shown to the door forthwith. Flirtation, the Doctor says, is damnation.

—The Prince of Wales says that he and the Princess expect to pass many happy days in Ireland.

—One of the famous Boston houses is that on Park Street where George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, lived for thirty years. The last surviving member of his family is about to move out of it, and in a short time its site will be occupied by stores, the plan to secure it for a club-house having failed.

—Patti sings "Home, sweet Home" with great success as an *encore*. So does Miss Nevada. But Signor Arditi thinks that Patti has a prior right to the song, and does everything in his power to prevent the American prima donna from singing it. Such, at least, is Miss Nevada's belief.

—Walter Damrosch has had a great triumph in Boston with German opera, and Frau Materna, Herr Schott, and the rest of his artists. His lamented father could scarcely have done better.

—In summing up for the prosecution in the James D. Fish trial District Attorney Root said: "Fish and Ward knew the one weakness of Grant's nature—that trustfulness and steadfastness that led him to lean on those he thought his friends, and never to desert them, so that to his great powers are added the simplicity of a child. And then while the firm of Grant & Ward was in the last extreme, when they saw the end was near, and Ward was running to and fro in the effort to raise money, James D. Fish lets Ward induce General Grant to go to a personal friend and borrow $150,000, and thus secure an additional sum to sink in the great whirlpool, at the expense of every bit of property that the old soldier had saved for himself and his family. I do not know in the record of business treachery anything that can equal the treatment of this simple great soldier by these two great swindlers."

—One of the most interesting and timely books of the year is *The Russians at the Gates of Herat*, which is in the press of Harper & Brothers, and is to form a number of the "Franklin Square Library." The author, Mr. Charles Marvin, is recognized in England as an authority upon the subject. The work is to be profusely illustrated, and the additional maps and pictures of the American reprint will make it more valuable, as an account of the situation in Afghanistan, than the original English edition.

—All New-Yorkers who would dine well have reason to congratulate themselves that the talent of a restaurateur is hereditary. Mr. Charles Delmonico the younger, now the sole representative of the family, is administering the business to which he has succeeded so well that "Delmonico's" was never better than it is today.

—Miss Maud Banks, General Banks's daughter, made her *début* as an actress a few nights ago in a minor part at the Lyceum Theatre. She had little to say or do, but comported herself with promising effect. Her distinguished father was present. Forty-five years ago he himself was playing Claude Melnotte at the National Theatre, Boston.

—An appeal to the friends of the late artist Millet is published, asking them to contribute money enough to enable his widow to stay in his old home at Barbizon. Much as Millet's pictures have sold for since his death, his family used almost to starve while he was painting them.

—Mrs. Sallie Ward Armstrong, who has just married her fourth husband, at the age of sixty, is as well known in New York city as at her home in Louisville, Kentucky. She has long been famous for her beauty, and many years ago was the centre of a brilliant social circle, of which Henry Clay and John J. Crittenden were members. The present husband, Mr. G. F. Douns, is a retired merchant of Louisville, seventy years old.

—Mrs. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is said to own the finest dinner-table bric-à-brac in that city. Her collections of dinner plates from the Sèvres, Worcester, Derby, Dresden, Minton, and Copeland factories are superb, and when her table is set for a dinner for twenty persons the cost of the porcelain and silver is $4000.

—Mr. Elliott Zabrisky, of Westchester County, known also as Count Zborowski, on one occasion jumped his horse over thirty-seven and a half feet of water, from bank to bank; and Mr. Frederick Gebhard has recently been astonishing the Londoners by jumping his horse a height of six feet and a half.

—Minister Phelps expects to retain the secretaries of legation who have been in Mr. Lowell's service, and to make no change in the *personnel* of the legation.

—General Grant's physicians have tried their hand at reporting. In a late official bulletin they say: "The General usually reclines in his chair attired in knitted under-wear; on his feet knitted wool moccasins; a dark brown dressing-gown, trimmed with silk and belted with a heavy cord; over his lap is spread a silk and satin quilt filled with down, while upon his head he wears a silk cap which he has long worn to protect his head from neuralgia."

—The *Evening Post* pays a compliment to the daughter of a Massachusetts Senator—the young woman by whose exertions Congress was moved to provide for a reward for any whaler who should render service in the relief of the Greely party. It believes that the promptness of the rescue by Commander Schley's party "was materially stimulated by the emulation which the reward excited, and that the lady in question may fairly congratulate herself on having been instrumental in saving several, if not all, of the lives of those concerned."

—The Society of Decorative Art has so large and brilliant a patronage that any entertainment organized in its behalf is sure to be a financial and social success. The great loan exhibition at the Academy of Design several years ago was the best thing of the kind ever seen in this city, and the grand concert to take place on the 5th of May at the Academy of Music has enlisted the volunteer services of Frau Materna, Miss Nevada, Madame Scalchi, Miss Kellogg, and Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

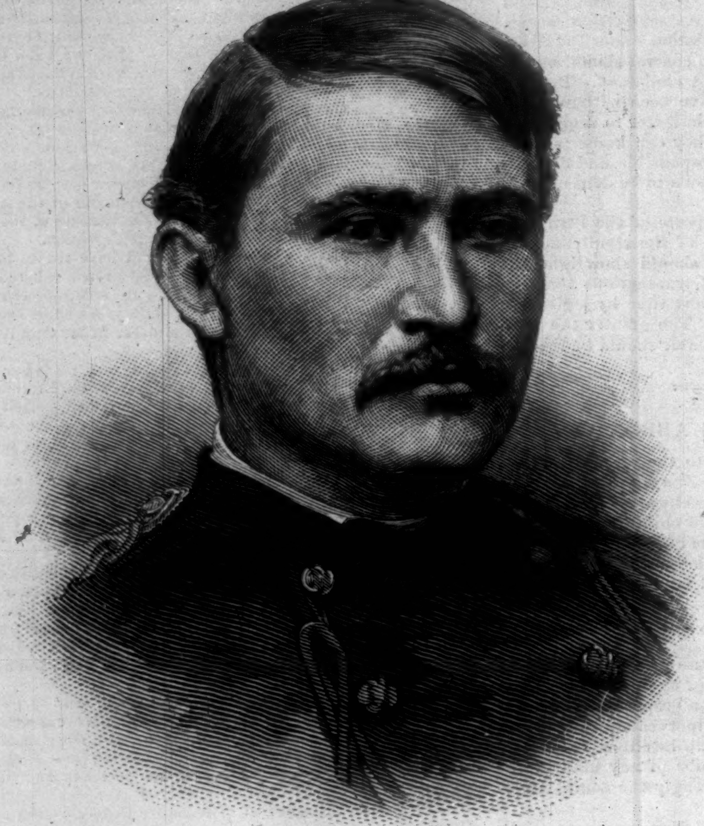
—Captain Bedford Pim, of the Royal Navy, and also a member of Parliament, said to a reporter, when leaving this city for Liverpool: "I am horrified to learn that Mrs. Dudley, who is an accomplished young woman, should be incarcerated without a living soul to help her. I have carefully looked into her case. She is subject to epileptic fits, and is of a highly nervous temperament. Her defense for shooting O'Donovan Rossa should be temporary aberration of mind. It is impossible to express my disgust at the utter want of feeling on the part of Lord Granville in not instructing Mr. West to aid Mrs. Dudley by every legitimate means in his power."

—A traveller in equatorial Africa visited a tribe where the young women are distinctly lady-like in both manner and physique, with figures slender and well formed. But the young men are not allowed to marry until their strength begins to fail, and after marriage they must wear for a month the dress of maidens. It is curious to note that under this treatment the face of the male savage loses its habitual scowl and becomes "pleasing and genial."

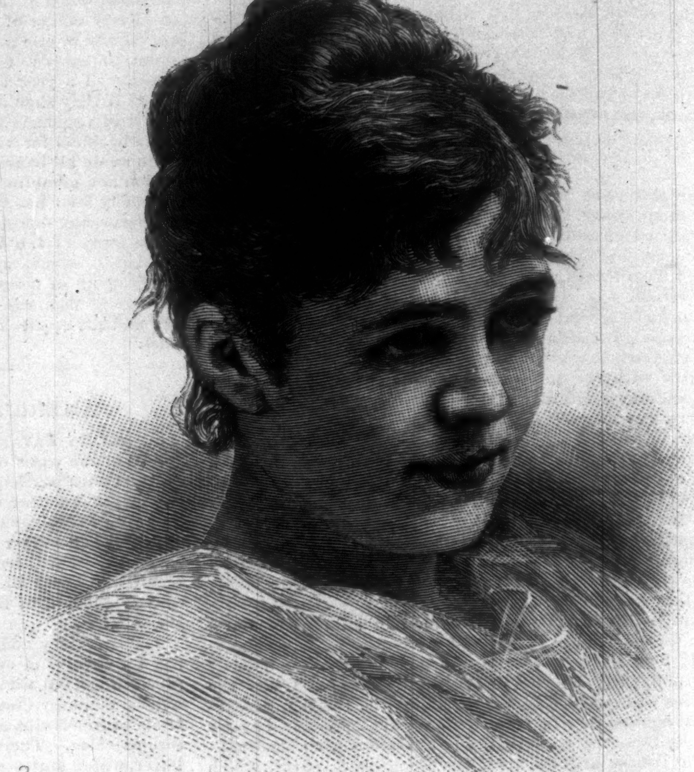
—Lord Tennyson is reported once upon a time to have made the following interesting remarks apropos of some girls who had a passion for autographs. He said he believed every crime and every vice in the world were connected with the passion for autographs and anecdotes and records; that the desiring of anecdotes about great men was treating them like pigs, to be ripped open for the public; that he knew he himself should be ripped open like a pig; that he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakespeare but his writings; and that he thanked God Almighty that he knew nothing of Jane Austen, and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare's or of Jane Austen's.

—From General Gordon's diary: "I will accept nothing whatever from Gladstone's government. I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will never put foot in England again."

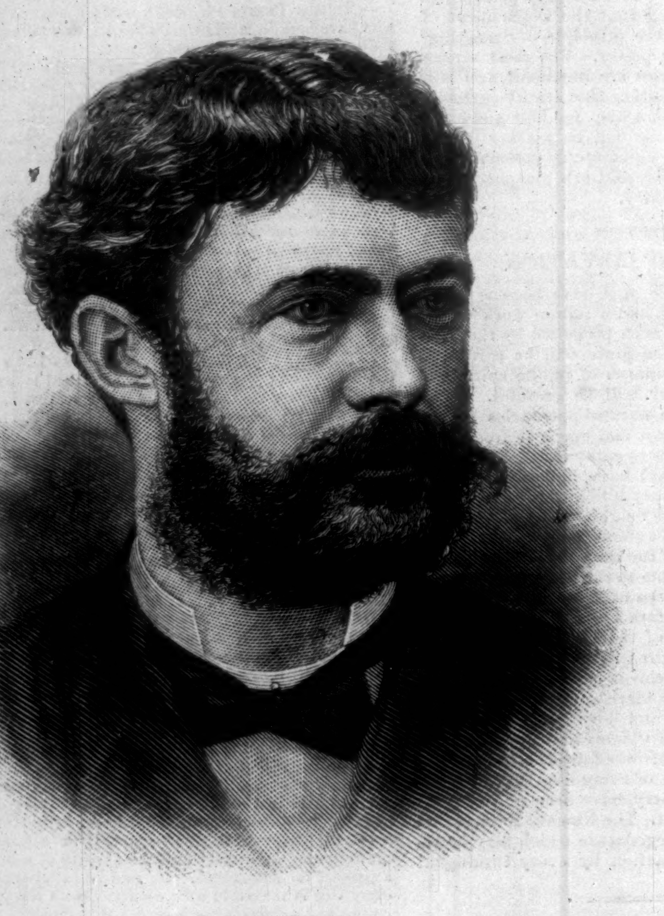
—Mark Twain inherits his humor from his mother, who now lives at Keokuk, Iowa, in the eighty-second year of her age. She says that Mark was a very wild and mischievous boy, but never told a lie. "Often his father would start him off to school, and in a little while would follow him to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the school-house, and Sam would take his position behind it, and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to teach Sam anything, because he was determined not to learn. He was always a good boy for history, but he hadn't any use for school-houses and text-books. He has gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life. He was about twenty years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. I asked him if he would promise me on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors nor swear, and he said, 'Yes, mother, I will,' and I believe he always kept that promise." Mr. Twain has also continued to be truthful.



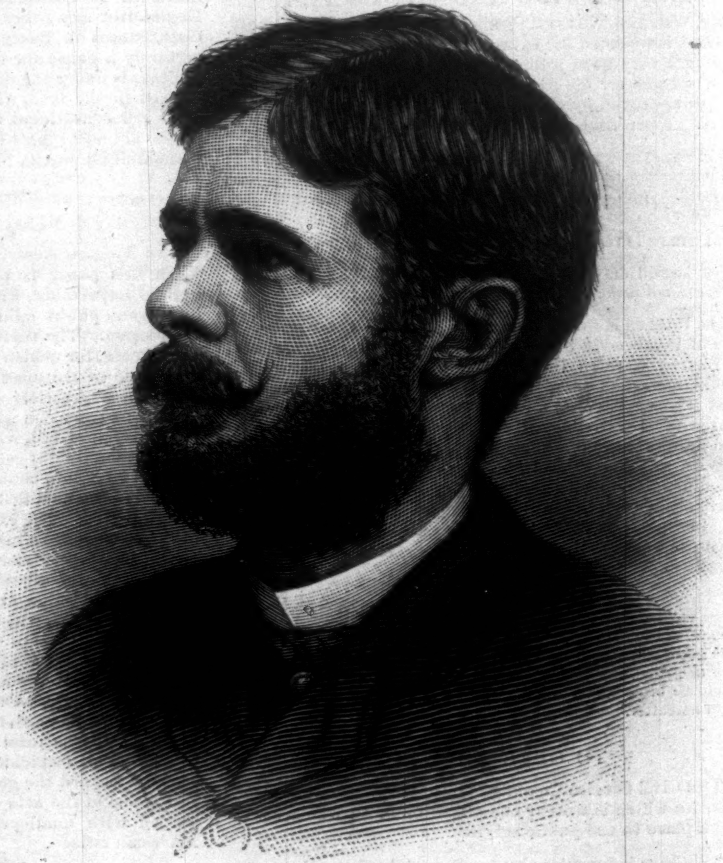
COLONEL FRED GRANT.



MRS. ALGERNON C. F. SARTORIS (NELLIE W. GRANT).



U. S. GRANT, JUN.



JESSE R. GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT'S CHILDREN.

GENERAL GRANT'S FAMILY.

Mrs. Julia T. Grant is the daughter of Judge Frederick Dent, and was born on his farm at Whitehaven, near St. Louis. Her brother was a class-mate of General Grant at West Point, and first made her acquainted with her future husband. The attachment between the two young people was opposed by Mrs. Grant's father, but it grew in spite of opposition. Judge Dent finally surrendered at discretion, and on August 22, 1848, they were married at his home in St. Louis. During the early part of the civil war Mrs. Grant and her children passed their time at her father's home, or visiting General Grant's father's family at Covington, Kentucky. Whenever it was possible she paid her husband a visit. She went to see him after the capture of Fort Donelson, and again at Jackson. She was in St. Louis when the news of the fall of Vicksburg reached that city, and she was serenaded by an enthusiastic body of citizens, who compelled her to appear at a window and bow in response to their plaudits. When peace had been declared, she lived with her husband in Washington, and when he had been elected President, took up her residence in the White House, where she presided as mistress for eight years. Her summers were passed at the sea-shore, chiefly at General Grant's cottage at Long Branch. The most noticeable incident in her recent life was her high-minded decision and action in regard to the $150,000 borrowed by her husband from Mr. William H. Vanderbilt three days before the failure of Grant & Ward, in May, 1884. When Mr. Vanderbilt demanded its payment General Grant was unable to comply. Mr. Vanderbilt began a suit, and General Grant permitted judgment to be entered against him. He and Mrs. Grant, however, sent to Mr. Vanderbilt the deeds of their joint property to cover the loan. Mr. Vanderbilt subsequently wished to sell the real estate, and create a trust fund for Mrs. Grant. After some correspondence on the subject, Mrs. Grant wrote, on January 11 last, to Mr. Vanderbilt, declining his offer in these words, "Upon reflection I find that I can not, I will not, accept your munificence in any form." She has been the General's constant companion during his illness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick D. Grant was born in St. Louis in 1849. He was graduated from West Point June 12, 1871. He was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry. He served on the frontier, at Fort Griffin, Texas, from December, 1872, to February, 1873. In March, 1873, he was made aide-de-camp to General Sheridan, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, at the head-quarters of the Division of the Missouri. He served in the Yellowstone expedition in 1873, and in the Black Hills expedition in 1874. He subsequently went into the banking business in Washington. He married Miss Honore, a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, in that city, October 20, 1874.

Ulysses S. Grant, Jun., was born at Bethel, Ohio, where his mother was visiting relatives, in 1850. He studied law at Columbia College Law School, and began practice in this city. He abandoned the law for commercial pursuits. He has been a close attendant at his father's bedside during the General's illness. He married Miss Chaffee, daughter of Senator Chaffee, October 1, 1881.

General Grant's only daughter, Nellie, was born in August, 1855, at Judge Dent's farm, where her mother was born. The most interesting event in her career was her brilliant wedding, which took place in the famous East Room of the White House on Thursday, May 21, 1874. Her husband is Mr. Algernon Sartoris, son of Edward Sartoris and his wife, Adelaide Kemble, sister of Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Sartoris has lived in England since her marriage. Her name became familiar to the whole country at the time of her wedding, and her amiability and bright spirits increased her popularity.

Jesse R. Grant was born at Judge Dent's farm in 1858. He studied in the Columbia School of Mines, and accompanied his father on his tour around the world. He married Miss Chapman, daughter of a wealthy resident of San Francisco, in that city, September 21, 1881. He is now living at his father's house, in Sixty-sixth Street, and is very proud of a daughter four years old, named Nellie.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

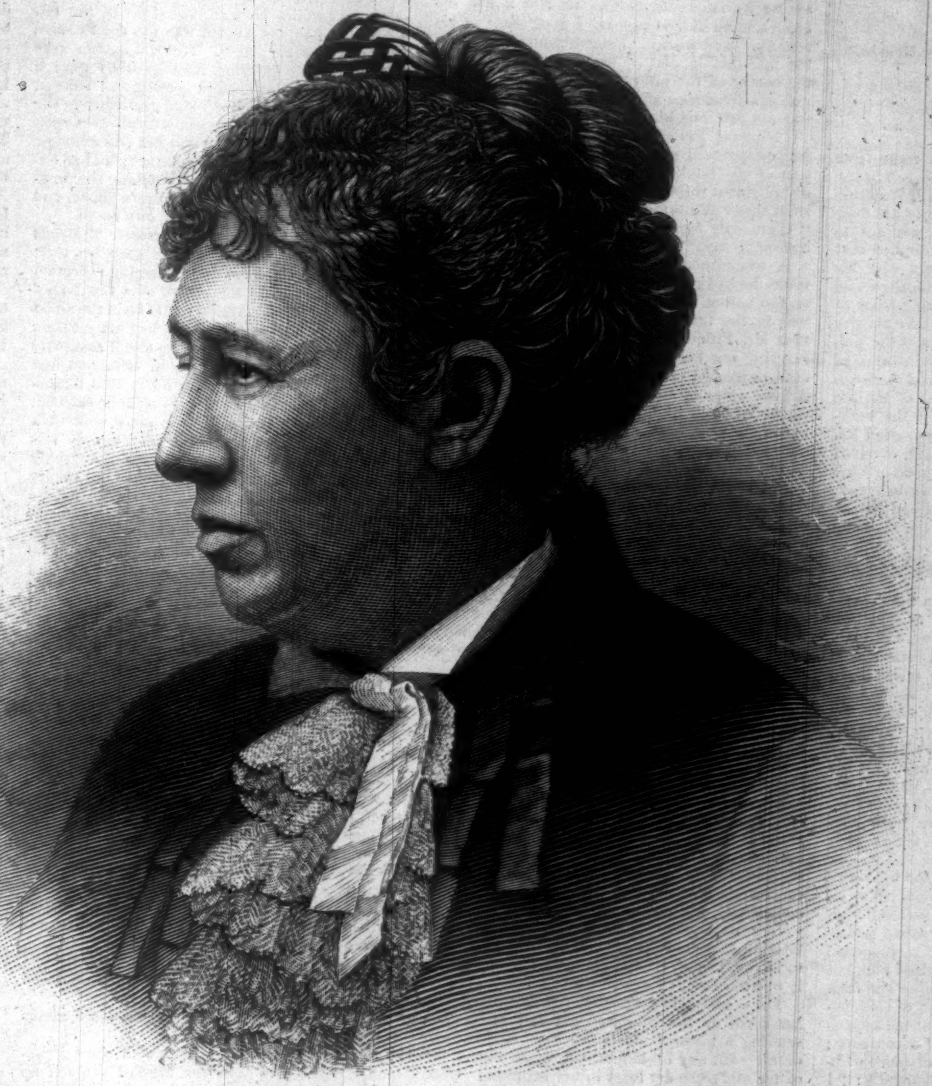
The old colonial church in Newport Parish, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, is situated five miles south of Smithfield. In the earliest extant parochial record of the parish it is mentioned as the "Brick Church," but from time immemorial has been called by the residents of the parish the "Old Brick Church." It is supposed to be the oldest building now standing in the thirteen original States, the walls of which justify a thorough renovation of the edifice. It stands near the head of a tributary of the James, which empties into the river ten miles west of Hampton Roads, where the river is more than three miles wide.

The church was erected in the shire or county of Warrosgwiake, one of the eight original counties into which the colony of Virginia was divided in 1634. The Indian name, by order of the colonial government, was changed to Isle of Wight in 1637. From the best evidence at command, both traditional and record, this venerable Christian temple was built in 1632. This date is given by Rev. Dr. Hawks in his *History of the Episcopal Church in Virginia*, and also by the late Bishop Meade in his interesting book on the *Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia*. The opinions of the two divines are supported by very trustworthy local traditions. A gentleman remarkable for strength of memory and accuracy of statement, who was born in 1777, and died in 1841, entered the clerk's office of this county about 1795 as a boy-of-all-work. The writer of this sketch has heard him say more than once that in his casual examination of old folios he found among the earliest parochial records, under the date of 1632, many entries relating to the building of the Old Brick Church. The folio in which the entries were seen was at the time more than 160 years old, in an advanced state of decay, and within a few years its pages crumbled into small pieces, and became illegible.

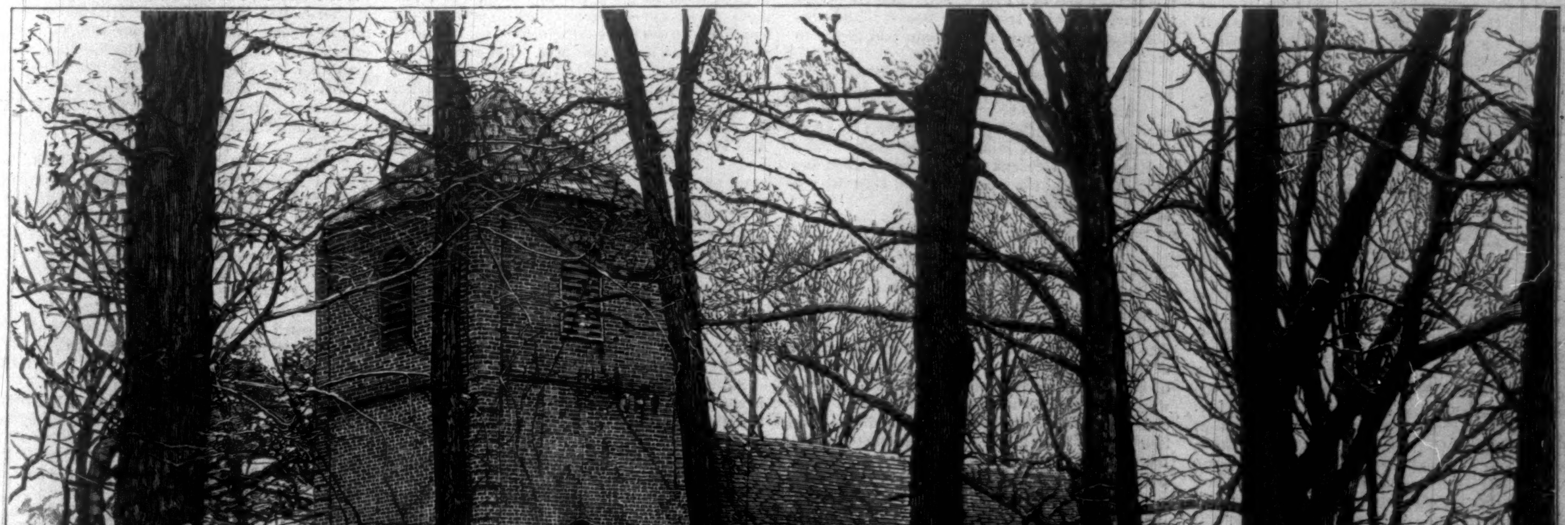
After the disestablishment of the Church in Virginia the first rector of this parish was the Rev. G. U. Jones. The Old Brick Church was then the only church in the parish. A vestry organized in 1821 reshingled the roof, and made radical alterations of the interior. The venerable old pulpit and the large octagonal sound-board over it, both of old English oak, were taken from the south side, where they had been used for years, and a modern contrivance of pine plank was placed in the chancel at the east end, against what had once been a large and beautiful stained-glass window. The large high-backed colonial pews were replaced by uncomfortable benches. In winter a stove made the temperature comfortable.

In 1832 a church was built in Smithfield, and although monthly services were held in the Old Brick Church until 1840, the care of it was neglected. The old sexton died. During camp-meetings the benches were taken out, and not replaced; then, considered as spoil, they were carried away. During the civil war the church was used for the purposes of the quartermaster's department, and at the evacuation of the county in 1862 it was left entirely despoiled of everything movable or destructible. Now it is a mere shell of strong brick walls fifty feet by thirty, with a brick tower eighteen feet square and about fifty feet high, on the top of which is a copper vane about eighteen inches square, which has veered to the wind for more than two hundred years.

Whether or not there be an older building within the limits of the English colonies, certainly there is no building in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia that can compete with it in antiquity.



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT.—[See Page 260.]



THE "OLD BRICK CHURCH," NEAR SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA.

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

It is obvious that the most direct route from the Gallery of French Artists to the cab stand near Apsley House is *viâ* Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, and Piccadilly; but when people are deep in an interesting conversation they are apt to follow their noses, and it must be presumed that De Wynt's nose, moving in sympathy with his mind, had led him to approach the desired end by a circuitous path. From the starting-point of Georgina's idiosyncrasies he had to make his way round through general reflections upon the philosophy of marriage to the particular instance of the lady who stood upon her dignity, and thence to the bearing of this sad case upon that of Mr. and Mrs. Vidal; and so, being absorbed in the working out of his mental proposition, he crossed Regent Circus, headed up the Quadrant, involved himself in intricacies in the neighborhood of Vigo Street, and did not pick himself up, so to speak, until he was on the other side of Bond Street, by which time he had propounded the startling theory of the four hundred and ninety pardons above mentioned, and was able to think of shaping a straight course for home.

Thus it was that Clare awoke from the dreams engendered by her relenting mood to find herself at the corner of Grosvenor Square, and within sight of a mansion which she had little reason to love. She glanced at it as she might have glanced at the slough of a serpent, little imagining that it was no longer untenanted, and as she looked the doors were flung back, and somebody, running down the steps, walked swiftly away westward, his umbrella under his arm and his head bent, as though in thought. It was Adrian, who had just escaped from Miss Susan Bowman, and who assuredly would not have been congratulating himself upon that, had he known what a singularly inopportune moment he had chosen for making his exit. But, happily for his peace of mind, he did not look over his shoulder as he hurried away; and the shades of evening soon hid him from the gaze of two astonished pedestrians who were following him at a respectful distance. Both of them had recognized him, but neither thought it advisable to mention the fact. De Wynt, feeling that the good effect of his homily must be neutralized by this unexpected apparition, stopped short in the middle of a sentence; and Clare, after walking some little distance without speaking, said, somewhat constrainedly: "I must not take you any further, Mr. De Wynt. If you will stop a hansom for me, I think I will say good-by now."

The well-balanced mind is, of course, no more affected by knowledge which is conveyed to it through the medium of sight than by such as reaches it through hearing; but a well-balanced mind is not a very common possession, and many people who can read a minute account of some hideous railway accident without the smallest discomfort, turn sick if they happen to see a single individual break his leg. Clare, for her part, found that it was one thing to accept her husband's weakness for flirtation as an abstract fact, and quite another to catch him *in flagrante delicto*; and as the hansom bore her homeward her thoughts about him were very bitter. Forgive?—well, yes; she could forgive, perhaps; but she certainly could not tell him so; she could not consent to share his affections with Lady St. Austell. There was no doubt in her mind now—or at all events only a remnant of doubt, which she refused to recognize—that his relations with that wicked woman had, as De Wynt would have phrased it, "gone beyond a little attention." What was Lady St. Austell doing in London in November?—and why had Adrian concealed the fact that she was there? Why had he lied, saying that he would go to the picture-gallery that afternoon, when he never could have intended to do anything of the kind? If this were not strong presumptive evidence of guilt, what could be? Poor Clare felt a wild longing to escape from the choking atmosphere of deceit by which she was surrounded, to leave the man who had betrayed her, and to hide herself somewhere where he should never be able to find her again. She thought it would be almost impossible to maintain the demeanor of cold politeness which she had kept up so long, now that she knew what it was that caused Adrian to leave home early in the morning and remain away until night. If her baby had lived, it would have been different. Then she would have borne everything for the child's sake: but for whose sake was she to submit to neglect and insult now?

But this despairing phase of feeling passed away. In spite of all her indignation, she knew that Adrian had as yet given her no ostensible excuse for refusing to live with him any longer; and something—it may have been the aforementioned remnant of doubt—enabled her to enter the drawing-room before dinner with a face only a little graver and paler than usual.

Adrian was already dressed, and was standing before the fire, reading the evening paper. He wore the cheerful aspect of one who does not know that he has been found out. "I was sorry I couldn't pick you up at the gallery this afternoon," he said, "but I knew De Wynt would look after you. It was all right, I suppose?"

"Perfectly right," answered Clare, marvelling at his duplicity. "I never expected you to come."

"Well, I fully intended to do so; but somehow the time slipped away, and then it was too late. I hope you enjoyed it."

Clare took up the newspaper which he had laid down and made no reply; but this did not arouse Adrian's suspicions. Of late it had become a habit of hers to leave a good many of his remarks unanswered. Presently he volunteered the information that he had seen Pilkington in the course of the afternoon, and that Pilkington was in a great stew about the *Anglo-Saxon*, which was not fulfilling his expectations.

"He says I'm the only man on his staff who isn't perpetually getting him into hot water, and that if the public won't understand the theory of individual responsibility for signed articles he shall throw the thing up."

Clare only looked up from her paper for an instant to say, "Really?"

It was rather irritating. Lady St. Austell, to whom he had given the same intelligence an hour or two before, had seen at once how important it was, in the interest of contemporary literature, that Mr. Pilkington should be restrained from carrying out his threat. But contemporary literature seemed to have lost its charms for Clare. Adrian doubted whether she was even reading the serial story by him which was then appearing in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and she never asked any questions about the novel which he had in hand.

Not much conversation passed between them during dinner. By an unlucky mischance the cook had upset the salt-cellar into the soup, and a calamity of that kind is what no man, however good-tempered, can allow to pass without comment. Adrian did not behave at all badly about it, but he sent a sarcastic message to the kitchen, and Clare showed by her absolute silence that she took the rebuke as addressed to herself. That, again, was rather irritating. As soon as the melancholy repast was over, Adrian said he had work to do, and retired to his study; while Clare, left alone in the drawing-room, stitched mechanically at her embroidery until it was time to go to bed.

Going to bed did not mean going to sleep. She tossed and turned half the night through, wondering how long this kind of life would last—how long she would be able to endure it; and when at length she fell into a feverish doze, she dreamed that she saw Adrian kneeling at Lady St. Austell's feet, that Lord St. Austell, surveying the couple through his eyeglass, was laughing ecstatically, and that De Wynt was saying to her, "Very sorry for you, Mrs. Vidal; but you've brought it upon yourself, you know. You ought to have taken my advice, and forgiven him before it was too late."

The consequence was that she had a splitting headache in the morning, and felt justified in sending a message down-stairs to say that she didn't want any breakfast, but would take a cup of tea and some dry toast in her bedroom. Upon the tray which was presently brought to her lay a letter; and no sooner had she seen the handwriting than she recognized it as that of the anonymous correspondent to whom she was already indebted for some of the most miserable hours that she had ever spent. She tore open the envelope with trembling fingers; and this was what her unknown informant had to say to her:

"You have been warned once that your husband is deceiving you; but perhaps you think his word is more to be trusted than a stranger's. Well, seeing is believing. If you want to know a little more about him, go to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens to-morrow afternoon and walk among the trees on the north side till you have seen enough to satisfy you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Only those who have been long under the influence of a fixed idea can realize how difficult it is to bid farewell to hope. Susan Bowman ought, of course, to have perceived that her one chance of inducing Adrian to marry her was to strike while the iron was hot, and get the ceremony concluded before his brief passion burned itself out. She had not done this, because, for one thing, she had not felt perfectly sure of his pecuniary independence, and for another, because Heriot had succeeded in convincing her that Mr. Vidal would never be dragged to the altar so long as he had coat tails to be clung to and a friend to cling to them. She had, however, the heroic quality of not knowing when she was beaten. What she had related of herself in St. James's Park was true, ridiculous as it may appear to the reader, and ridiculous as it did appear to the man she had hoped to win. The obstacles in the way of her marriage were, as had been pointed out to her, inferiority of birth and education. She set herself to work to render these less conspicuous by cultivating refinement and reading such books as she could afford to buy. She employed means which perhaps would not have borne close scrutiny to obtain a nursery governess's place; she had vague intentions of rising from that position to a somewhat higher one, of presenting herself to Adrian in the light of an equal, and calling upon him to redeem his promises.

The announcement of his marriage in the papers fell upon her, therefore, like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky; she felt that all her labor had been in vain, that she had been basely deceived, and that revenge became her well. Her imagination not being a very fertile one, the only vengeance that at first suggested itself to her was of the dagger-and-bowl order; and this, in view of the existing state of the criminal law, seemed likely to prove as uncomfortable for avenger as for victim. Besides, she did not care about slaying Adrian. What she wanted to do was to make him suffer; and we have seen how circumstances put it into her power to play the part of Nemesis. Her employer's garrulity kept her pretty well informed as to Mr. Vidal's domestic affairs. She knew that his wife was jealous; she also knew that some cause for jealousy existed, though precisely how much she had not been able to determine by a careful study of the letters which Lady St. Austell was too apt to leave lying in accessible places. These, it is true, were interesting and amusing reading—they gave a clew to the tone of modern society, and showed to what imprudent lengths young gentlemen of the Johnny Spencer type will commit themselves upon paper; but unluckily there was not one amongst them that bore Mr. Vidal's signature; and so Susan, who was growing tired of watching the progress of events, resolved to jog Time's elbow, and create a few little events on her own score.

It was with a countenance expressive of joyous anticipation that she set forth to keep her tryst in Kensington Gardens, and a cheering reflection it was to her that in the course of a few hours' time, if all went well, Adrian would be in the midst of a domestic tempest such as he had not yet been called upon to encounter, that he would assuredly involve himself in a net-work of falsehood, and that the end of it would most likely be a temporary separation and a more or less public scandal.

Adrian was approaching the same spot at a more leisurely pace, and with considerably less exultation. He was not much afraid of anything that Susan might say or do, and he had put twenty pounds in his pocket, in case ten should not be enough; but these open-air meetings were not to his taste, nor did he like the prospect of the reproaches which he took it for granted would be hurled at his head before the inevitable demand for cash came. "I'm not going to do this kind of thing again," he muttered, "and so I shall tell her. After all, what does it signify? Let her come to Alexandra Gardens and kick up a row if she chooses. I would have given a good deal to prevent her from doing that a year ago, but now I suppose it would make very little difference."

He sighed heavily, thinking that the world was rapidly becoming a dismal place of abode, and so reached his rendezvous in a frame of mind half petulant, half dejected. Looking warily about him in search of the person whom he had come to meet, he was much astonished to recognize in a solitary figure, separated from him by the breadth of the pond, not Susan, but Lady St. Austell, and his astonishment was increased when her ladyship, after making him a slight but unmistakable sign to follow her, walked slowly away in the direction of the trees. He caught her up presently, and taking off his hat, said, "Lady St. Austell, what has brought you to this damp place?"

The lady addressed lifted her veil and disclosed the features of Miss Bowman.

"It isn't Lady St. Austell," she answered, meekly; "it's only me."

"Oh, it's you," said Adrian, with some irritation. "And why have you dressed yourself up in your mistress's clothes, if I may ask?"

"Call me a thief," returned Susan, in a low, sad voice. "I shouldn't be in the least surprised at your calling me anything. These are my own clothes, though. Her ladyship was kind enough to give them to me a few days ago, and I put them on because—because I thought perhaps you would like to see me looking nice. But of course you don't care about that now. I'm only a troublesome woman whom you'd be glad to be rid of. You won't have long to wait, maybe. I often think it would be easy enough to walk down to the river some night and have an end of it all." And here Susan heaved a sigh so profound that Lady St. Austell's dress, which, indeed, was somewhat too tight for the comfort of either its late or its present wearer, gave forth a warning crack.

"If there is one thing that I hate more than being rude to a woman," said Adrian, quite unmoved by these pathetic words, "it is beating about the bush on a cold, raw afternoon, instead of coming to the point. Therefore, Susan, you must try to forgive me if I say that we shall get on a great deal better without humbug. Tell me what you want of me, and you shall have it, so long as it is anything in reason."

Susan turned away her head, as if to conceal her emotion. "Do you think it is kind or just to talk to me like that?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice. "Have I ever done you an injury? Some people might say that it was you who had injured me."

"I am sorry if I spoke unkindly, Susan," answered Adrian, with a twinge of compunction; "but you must remember that you addressed me in a very different tone yesterday, and that I am only here because you threatened me."

"Yes, only because I threatened you. You wouldn't have come if I had asked you to do it as a favor to me. Well, well, times are changed. Once you would have been glad enough to meet me anywhere, and now you say, 'Tell me what you want, and let me go.' Suppose I wanted nothing, except to see you, and talk to you again, and to walk a little way with you, as we used to walk when we were younger and happier than we are now?"

"I'm afraid I can't suppose that," replied Adrian, who found this reproachful tenderness even more disagreeable than the rating which he had dreaded.

"Can't you? And yet that is all I ask of you, Adrian. Come, let us walk up and down under the trees for half an hour, and I will try to forget how miserable you have made me. You can spare me half an hour, perhaps. It isn't a great deal of time to give to a girl whom you once wished to spend your life with."

She passed her arm through his, and led him across the damp grass and the fallen yellow leaves. The night was closing in fast, and a chilly fog was rising, through which the figures of the passers-by, hurrying along the broad gravel-path, loomed dim and ghost-like.

"It looks dreary enough; one wouldn't think it had ever been spring-time here. But the trees are happier than I am: they don't remember what they have lost," remarked the melancholy Susan, unconsciously plagiarizing from a poet of whom she had never heard.

Adrian was thoroughly uncomfortable. He didn't like being held by the arm, he didn't like being called by his Christian name, and he had a shrewd suspicion that he had not been brought there for purely sentimental purposes. Yet he hardly saw his way to escape. "I think," said he at length, "that, considering all things, we might very well consent to let by-gones be by-gones. The last time that I walked with you, you gave me to understand that all you wished for was to be revenged upon me."

Susan shook her head sadly. "There's no need for that now. I have been revenged without doing anything to revenge myself. I know you are no more happy than I am. You regret your marriage now that it is too late."

"You are drawing upon your imagination," said Adrian, coldly, and he made an effort to free his arm, which, however, Susan only gripped more tightly.

"No, indeed," she replied. "I know a great many things—more than you suspect, perhaps. I know, for instance, that you don't really care for her ladyship, and that you only pretend to flirt with her because you want to forget how unhappy you are at home."

"I don't wish to hurt your feelings," returned Adrian, "but you must excuse my telling you that speeches of that kind are very offensive to me."

"The truth often is offensive," remarked Susan, sententiously. "Ah! Adrian," she added, with more warmth, clasping her hands round his arm as she spoke, and looking up into his face, "the real truth is that you have never loved either of these women as you loved me once."

This was more than the unfortunate man could stand. "Really, Susan," he said, shaking her off somewhat roughly, "you had better understand the real truth yourself, once for all. It is true that when I was a boy I did for a short time fancy that I was in love with you, but the fancy didn't last long, and when once it was gone no power on earth could ever have brought it back again. If you knew how the recollection of that time humiliates and disgusts me, you would not be so eager to remind me of it."

Susan had a gusty temper, which got the upper hand of her sometimes when she herself least expected it. It came whirling forth now, and caused her to exclaim, impetuously: "You brute! you miserable coward! I'll make you smart for those words before I've done with you."

Adrian raised his eyebrows, and smiled ever so slightly. It appeared to him that the moment at which pecuniary compensation might be tendered with propriety was not far distant. "And in what particular way, Susan," he asked, with the utmost suavity, "do you propose to make me smart?"

It had been no part of Susan's plan to quarrel with the sinner whom she desired to reward according to his iniquities. "You make me say things that I don't want to say," she complained. "Of course you know that I could give you trouble if I liked. I could write a few lines to your mother-in-law, Mrs. Irvine, or I could have five minutes' conversation with your wife, or I could drop a hint to his lordship, who isn't a pleasant man when he's angered, they say. But why should I hurt you? Hurting you wouldn't make you love me again, and neither hurting you nor leaving you alone will get a kind word out of you, it seems."

"I don't want to seem unkind, Susan," answered Adrian, "but I must make you understand, if I can, that it is a mistake for us to exchange kind words—or any words. I don't see what more I can say than that I am heartily sorry for having wronged you in the past—if I did wrong you."

"*If* you did!"

"Well, let us say that I did. But what reparation can I make now? I know it looks a little insulting to produce one's purse; still, money *is* a useful thing, you know; and I am sure I shall be only too glad—"

His somewhat halting speech was interrupted in a singular manner. Without the slightest warning, Susan abruptly flung her arms round his neck, and held up her face close to his. "Kiss me, Adrian," she whispered. "Kiss me once, for the sake of old days."

What would the respected reader have done in this trying situation? The humble writer is bound to confess that he would have done what Adrian did, and complied with the request which of all conceivable requests is the least easy to refuse. Adrian then bestowed a modest salute upon Susan's forehead; having done which, he endeavored gently to disengage himself, but without success. Susan, regardless of the passers-by, clung to him with fond, inarticulate murmurs, and he was beginning to think that he would have done better to hold her at arm's-length, when he was released with a suddenness which threw him off his balance and caused him to stagger backward in an undignified manner, while Susan, turning away from him, resumed the slow march which her access of tenderness had arrested.

It has just been said that she was regardless of the passers-by, and so the alarmed Adrian imagined that she was; but in reality that was exactly what she was not. For five or ten minutes she had been keeping an anxious eye on the forms that flitted to and fro through the mist a few yards away, and when among these she discerned that of a tall, slight young lady whose gait seemed less purpose-like than her neighbors', she deemed it advisable to precipitate a crisis to which she had been leading up from the outset. There was thus a slight want of artistic finish in the way that Susan carried out her task, and this she regretted; but when it is remembered that she had to reach a given point in her dialogue at a moment which could not be accurately determined beforehand, it will be allowed that she acquitted herself with a fair measure of credit. She had manœuvred so as to place Adrian with his back to the path; looking over his shoulder, she saw the lady for whose benefit she was acting start, clasp her hands together nervously, stand still for a moment, and then hurry away into the gathering gloom; after which, with a comfortable conviction that Mrs. Vidal had seen enough, she released Adrian in the manner described.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

For it has to be confessed that the spectator of the scene was no other than Mrs. Vidal. Many people—most people, perhaps—will be disposed to think that it is a little beneath the dignity of a gentleman or a lady to act upon information conveyed anonymously; if so, Clare's own opinion coincided with that of the majority. She made no excuses for herself, and none shall be made for her. She went to the Round Pond, as she had been told to do; she walked slowly along the path, looking among the trees for the couple whom she expected to discover, and she saw—as she fully believed—Adrian fondly embracing Lady St. Austell. The improbability of Lady St. Austell's preferring to be embraced in the comparative publicity of Kensington Gardens, when she had a comfortable and private boudoir of her own in which to indulge in such pleasures, did not strike her; nor would it have made very much difference if it had. For there could be no question as to the fact that Adrian was the embracer whom his wife had seen, and whether the embraced person were A or B was perhaps not a matter of primary importance. Clare, as she hastened homeward, felt that the limits of her endurance had been reached.

Meanwhile, the culprit, little imagining into what a pitfall he had stepped by yielding to an amiable wish to make things pleasant, was rather surprised at the coolness which came over Susan's manner after her late demonstration.

"Well," she remarked, in a curt, business-like tone, "I won't keep you away from home any longer. Your wife may be wondering what has become of you, you know. We may as well say good-by now."

"Good-by, Susan," said Adrian, not unkindly. "I can see that you think me rather hard-hearted, but there's no help for that, I'm afraid. You won't ask me to meet you again in this way, will you?"

"Probably not," answered Susan, dryly.

"There really is no use in it, you see. And now, I hope you'll accept a small present—I thought it possible that you might want a little help"—and he deprecatingly produced four five-pound notes.

"Sir," said Susan, "your generosity to me I shall never forget. Hand over the money."

He complied wonderingly. The woman's changes of tone were so frequent and abrupt that he began to think her intellect must be a trifle deranged; and she perceived his suspicions with much amusement. Her natural histrionic talent being but slight, she had had considerable difficulty in playing her part, and the sense that she was now free to indulge in any conduct that might seem good to her filled her with exultation.

"Twenty pounds!" said she, examining the notes. "Were you really so much afraid of me as that? Now a common person like me ought to consider herself rich with twenty pounds in her pocket, oughtn't she?"

"I don't know," answered Adrian, still somewhat puzzled.

"Oh yes; it's wealth, I assure you. I have seen the day when twenty pence would have been welcome. With all this money, I can afford to treat myself to a luxury; and a luxury I will have. What do you think I'm going to do with your kind present?"

"I don't know," said Adrian again.

"Why, I'm going to give the whole of it away in charity; I am, indeed. I'm going to give it to a deserving person. More than that, I'm going to add to it the sum of eight pound ten out of my own purse."

She took her purse from her pocket as she spoke, and counted out the amount mentioned, which, together with the notes, she placed in Adrian's hands. "There!" said she; "you're the deserving person; and oh, *what* a deserving person you are, to be sure! Don't thank me, I beg! It's a privilege to do anything for such a kind friend as you have been to me."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Adrian.

"Only that I like to pay my debts; and I have been owing you eight pound ten since the beginning of the year. I don't know whether we're quite quits yet; but we're as near it as we shall get, I expect. Good-by to you; and before we part let me tell you a secret. I'd rather die of hunger in a ditch than spend a sixpence of your money."

Susan's face, as she uttered these last words, was not agreeable to look upon. She turned on her heel, without waiting for a rejoinder; and in truth Adrian had none ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEODORE THOMAS.

THERE is rather a neat story which illustrates the characteristics of three nations which have made their mark in science. It runs as follows: A certain scientific society offered a prize for the best description of a camel. Three competitors entered—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German. The Englishman went to Africa, saw a camel, returned home, and wrote his description. The Frenchman got all the zoological works he could lay his hands on, read up all they contained about the camel, and wrote his description. There was a famous zoological garden in the German's native city, and it contained several camels; but the German did not go to the garden and look at them. He shut himself up in his study and evolved from his inner consciousness the description of the camel which took the prize. Mr. THOMAS combines the peculiar traits of the three. He goes to see the camel, he reads about the camel, and he evolves the camel from his inner consciousness, the camel being in his case a BEETHOVEN symphony, a GLUCK overture, a selection from a WAGNER music drama, or some other musical composition. In other words, Mr. THOMAS in performing the work in hand is guided by its form, by good traditions, if there be any, and brings to bear upon its interpretation original æsthetic ideas of his own.

A sketch of THEODORE THOMAS, bringing his career down to the close of 1880, appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for January 22, 1881, so that I will only touch upon the incidents of his life up to that date. He came here from Germany in 1845, when ten years old. He was a violinist, and earned his living as best he could by playing in miscellaneous concerts. He soon, however, made his mark. In 1855 he founded, with MOSENTHAL, MATZKA, BERGMANN, and MASON, the Dodworth's Academy chamber music soirées. They did not, I believe, pay very well, and the members thought themselves quite lucky when after one of their seasons they found a balance in their favor large enough to pay for a dinner, at which each of the quintette played first fiddle, so to speak. Mr. THOMAS conducted the THALBERG and LA GRANGE concerts, and occasional performances of Italian opera. He has often said that he got from hearing Italian singers the power of drawing in later years from his orchestra that fine, sustained, pure singing quality of tone for which it is famous. In the early sixties he gave concerts in Irving Hall, and in 1866 organized the orchestra with which he travelled through many sections of the country, and gave performances at the Terrace Garden in Third Avenue, and afterward at the Central Park Garden. His symphony concerts later drew largely from the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, which two seasons after BERGMANN'S death found it necessary to self-preservation to elect Mr. THOMAS conductor. His election was followed by a highly prosperous season. But when he went to Cincinnati the society again sank into insignificance, until, on Mr. THOMAS'S return, he was once more called to the rescue. Other New York leaders had made some headway during his absence, but the Philharmonic Society soon distanced them under his leadership. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society had the wisdom to retain Mr. THOMAS, engaging him to come on from Cincinnati for its public rehearsals and concerts.

The history of our Philharmonic since Mr. THOMAS has been its conductor is an unbroken record of prosperity. The society is peculiarly constituted. The members of the orchestra are not paid a stated sum for their services, as is usually the case, but each receives a certain share of the profits at the end of the season. It is interesting to note that under their present leader the members of this society receive about three times the amount which would be paid them if they were engaged at the rate of the Musicians' Protective Union, which are the regular established rates. Mr. THOMAS believes that the functions of a society of so long standing as the Philharmonic are to preserve the best traditions, and to bring out novelties of sterling value. The programmes show that this double object is kept in view. If there is any orchestra in the world which plays the classical symphonies—*i.e.*, preserves the best traditions—more artistically than the Philharmonic, or enters more fully into the modern phases of musical composition, I should like to know the name of that society. I heard the Baireuth orchestra which had been drilled by WAGNER himself. The strings were equal but in no wise superior to those of the Philharmonic, while the wood-wind did not approach that of our society in richness and softness of tone, or the brass in sonorousness. The trombones of our Philharmonic speak in majestic tones. These are the brass instruments whose tones are produced by the sliding of a tube toward and from the mouth-piece. A Chinese ambassador, or other dignitary of the Celestial Empire, who once attended a Philharmonic concert, was very much impressed with the trombones, not on account of their splendid tone, but because, as he expressed it, "the player swallows half the instrument, and then draws it out again." During the season after Mr. THOMAS'S return from Cincinnati the Philharmonic gave a performance of BEETHOVEN'S Eighth Symphony, which was remarkable for the delicacy and absolute precision of the violins in the Scherzo. After the concert a member of the orchestra told me that during the intermission the conductor had called the violinists into the green-room and made them play over their part of the Scherzo several times. This gives an insight into Mr. THOMAS'S manner of rehearsing.

Since his return from Cincinnati Mr. THOMAS has organized the Chorus Society, which has given some of the most important concerts that have ever taken place in New York—notably among them the Wagner Memorial; and it also took an honorable part in the Musical Festival of May, 1882, which was fully noticed in this journal at the time.

Since that festival Mr. THOMAS'S most important undertaking has been the brilliantly successful tour from ocean to ocean in the spring and summer of the same year. In these concerts the local societies of various places were utilized, so that the programmes were varied. The local chorus was thoroughly drilled by its leader in selections from *The Redemption*, *Lohengrin*, etc., Mr. THOMAS arriving in time to have a finishing rehearsal. The share of the receipts of the Mozart Society of Memphis, which assisted in the concerts at that place, was four thousand dollars. As the tour took the orchestra to several places where a good orchestra, or perhaps any orchestra, had never been heard, Mr. THOMAS had some amusing experiences. Some one suggested to him that in Utah he should put several wedding marches on each programme. In a small Western town the programme contained in succession the *Tannhauser* overture, the andante from the Fifth Symphony, and WEBER'S "Invitation to the Dance," arranged for orchestra by BERLIOZ. Under the last Mr. THOMAS had printed in parenthesis, "Adapted for orchestra by HECTOR BERLIOZ." The writer of the local paper evidently thought that the parenthesis applied to all three selections, for he began his criticism thus: "The first piece was that fine trilogy which HECTOR BERLIOZ, with exquisite art, made from WAGNER, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER. The thought of HECTOR BERLIOZ evidently, in arranging the trilogy, was to put after the passionate action of the one the ocean-like, star-like, measureless calm and harmony of the symphony. After you have bathed in that luxury and languor long enough, there comes VON WEBER'S 'Invitation to the Dance.' Oh! there has been nothing heard in Keokuk like that trilogy as THOMAS'S orchestra gives it." The critic might have gone further: Keokuk had the honor of hearing that trilogy "for the first time on any stage," as they say. At another concert the orchestra played the Boccerini minuet with its delicious ending—pianissimo con sordini—that melody which rises, lingers a moment, and then fades away like a mirage. After the concert Mr. THOMAS attended a dinner. The conversation turned on the minuet.

"You should have played it louder," said the Mayor of the town, emphatically.

"But," said Mr. THOMAS, without taking offense, "it is marked pianissimo."

"No matter," was the reply; "such a pretty tune deserves to be played louder."

The good effect of such tours upon the musical taste of the country is too evident to call for specific argument. THEODORE THOMAS is to-day the most popular leader of orchestra in the United States, and it is doubtful if any leader is known over such a broad expanse of territory as he. It has often been said that the toilers in behalf of musical art rarely receive their measure of reward, that the opera singers carry off all the honors. But certainly no singer who has visited this country (and the greatest singers have) has won more enduring fame than THEODORE THOMAS.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN "ovation" means to kill a sheep. This fact is pointed out by Mr. Freeman, the English historian, who recently lectured in this country. An ovation in Rome was a thanksgiving for a victory not of the first importance, or won by a commander not of the first rank. The victor walked in state to the Capitol, and sacrificed a sheep, whereas in the full triumph he was drawn in a chariot, and sacrificed a bull. Mr. Freeman deplores the modern glib and false use of the word. When people throng about a person and cheer him it is not an ovation, Mr. Freeman says; the sheep is lacking. In Kentucky and the West they know how to avoid this inaccuracy. They do not speak of ovations; they say simply that the people were "enthused."

Scientific discussion has pretty well established the fact that oysters twenty and even thirty years old are good to eat. It is not pretended, however, that they are better to eat than oysters of a more tender age. Among the consumers of oysters there is a sense, probably intuitive rather than trained, that oysters ought to be youthful rather than old or of middle age. Indeed, it is to be doubted if any one has ever been heard to ask even for oysters that are simply matured. "Fresh oysters," we think, is the descriptive conjunction usually employed by dealers. We doubt if science can ever bring it to pass that an ice-capped tower of oysters—anywhere outside of China, that is—shall be surmounted by a placard declaring that "These Oysters are Twenty Years Old."

Chinamen who have established themselves in this country are of course permitted to go out of it and to come back. It would be a violence, indeed, to prevent a Chinaman who had been on a flying visit to the flowery father-land from returning to the simple but high-priced laundry which was yearning for him on these shores. The United States authorities recognize this fact, and so do Chinamen who have never been here, but who wish to come. What do these Chinamen do? Why, they present themselves at San Francisco, and other Chinamen here resident—grocers and the like—carry before the authorities their account books, which show the names of the applicant Chinamen entered over and over again, thus proving conclusively that the latter have traded in this country and must have lived here. Evidence is evidence, and when forty Chinese grocerymen present to a United States judge forty account books all starred with the name of Ah Sing, how is that judge, with the Restriction Act behind him, going to bar Ah Sing out?

Jim Johnson and Tom Pilcher, the Macon *Telegraph* says, are the names of two Georgians whose bait gave out recently while they were fishing, and who caught a black bug of extravagant proportions, attached it to a hook, and cast it into the stream. At the end of half an hour they had caught half a dozen minnows. The bug had swallowed them.

A paragraph says that "earthquakes have a very noticeable influence in determining the nature of buildings in Japan." In New York, earthquakes are not called upon to perform this service. The ordinary laws of cohesion and gravitation do all that is necessary. The earth remains as placid as a Vermont cheese, and yet the nature of an entire row of brand-new buildings is determined.

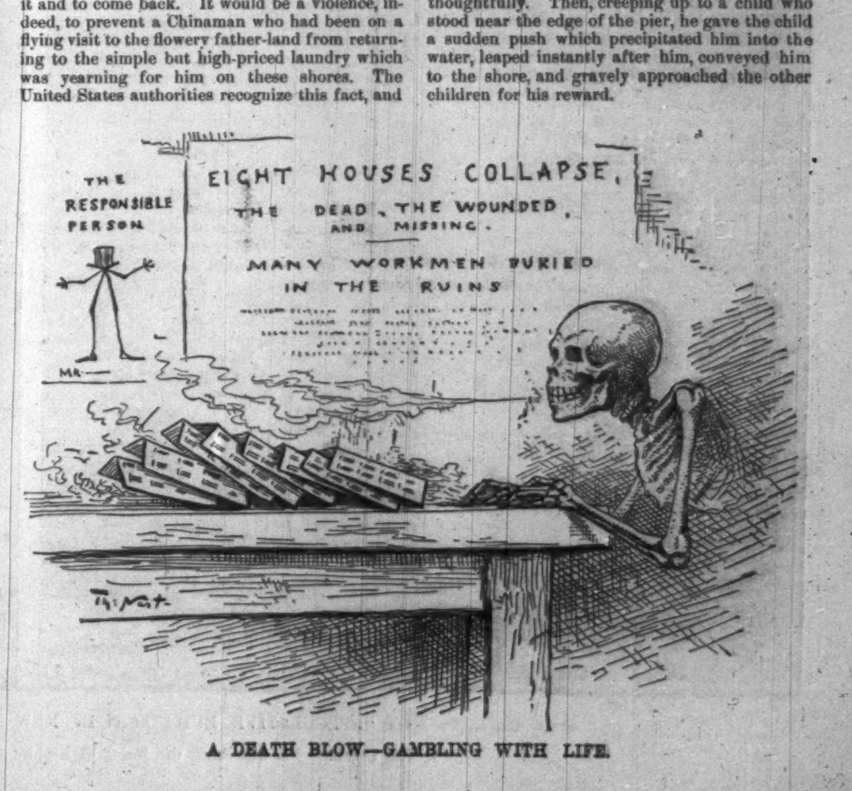
A writer in a medical journal says that as opium is a cure for pain, so pain is a cure for too much opium. The question arises, when a person has taken so much opium that he is insensible to pain, how can pain be brought to bear upon him? It has generally been thought that consciousness is an essential condition to the reception of pain. If a person has taken so much opium as to be insensible, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that he would notice such a matter as the snapping of a strong clothes-pin upon his nose or upon his fingers. Still, men are robbed of consciousness by alcohol, and the success with which a policemen beats upon the soles of the feet of him who has taken the sidewalk for a couch is familiar to every one that dwelleth in a city.

Harvard students contemplate the production of *Julius Cæsar* with costumes and furnishings modelled after those in use in Cæsar's time. Professor White will direct the representation.

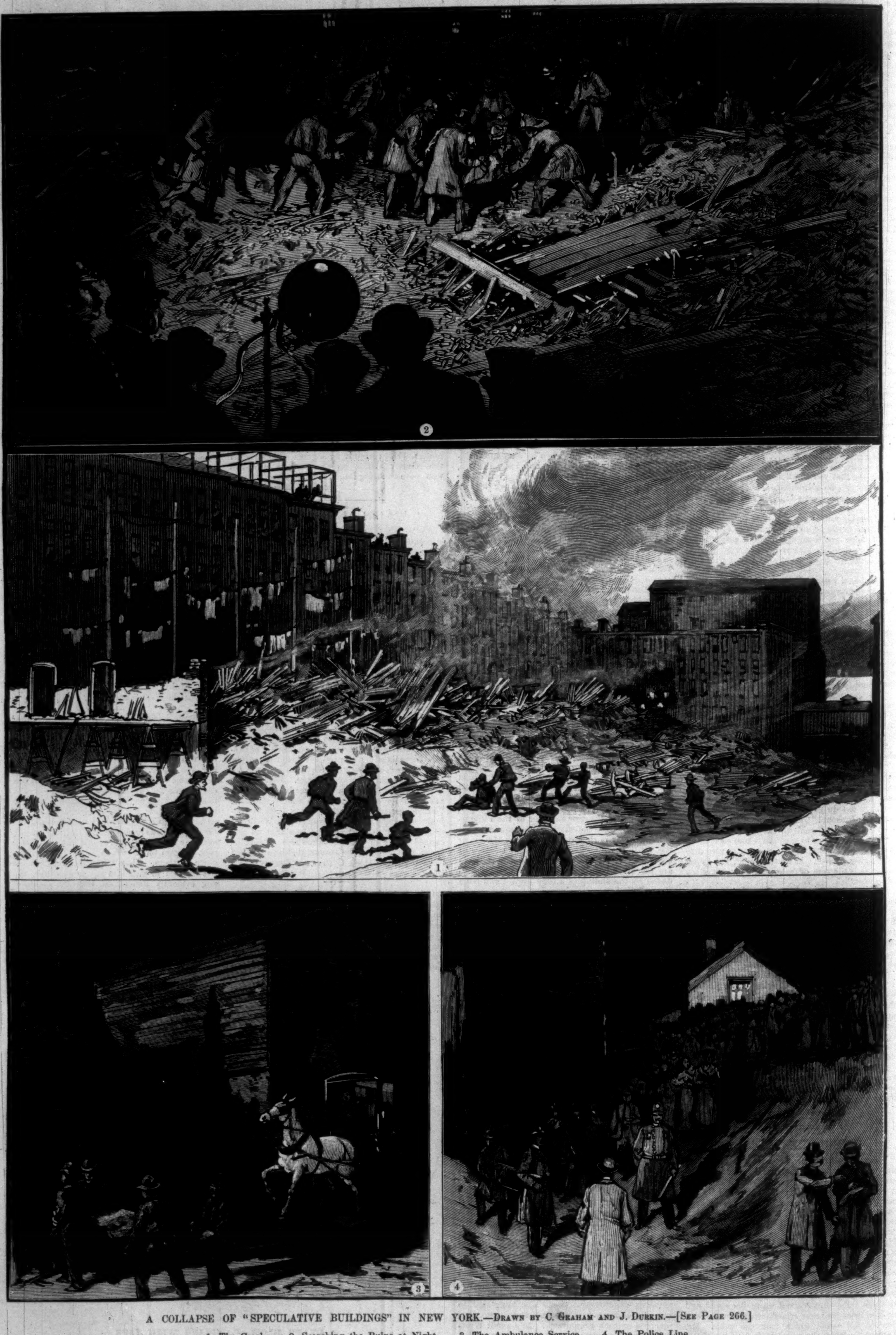
London *Truth* says of ballet girls: "In their every-day garments they look very much the reverse of houris. Their chief pleasure consists in eating sweet stuff and cakes, on which food they like to lunch. When they leave the theatre they do not loiter, because they have but one thought—to catch the 'bus."

Harvard is to have a duplicate of the Longfellow bust in Westminster Abbey.

Extraordinary events are apt to be found a long way from home, and the London *Spectator* says that this dog belonged in Kingston, on Lake Ontario. A group of children were playing on a pier which runs into the lake. One of them fell into the water. The dog, a superb Newfoundland, came bounding up just in the nick of time, dashed in after the child, and brought him safely to shore; whereupon the other children, to express their admiration for the noble animal, conducted the dog to a neighboring cook-shop, and supplied him with as many cakes as he could eat. The next day the children were again playing upon the pier. Again the Newfoundland came bounding down to them. They stroked and patted him, but omitted to give him any more cakes. The dog evidently understood that the conditions were not exactly as they had been on the previous day. For some minutes his tail wagged thoughtfully. Then, creeping up to a child who stood near the edge of the pier, he gave the child a sudden push which precipitated him into the water, leaped instantly after him, conveyed him to the shore, and gravely approached the other children for his reward.

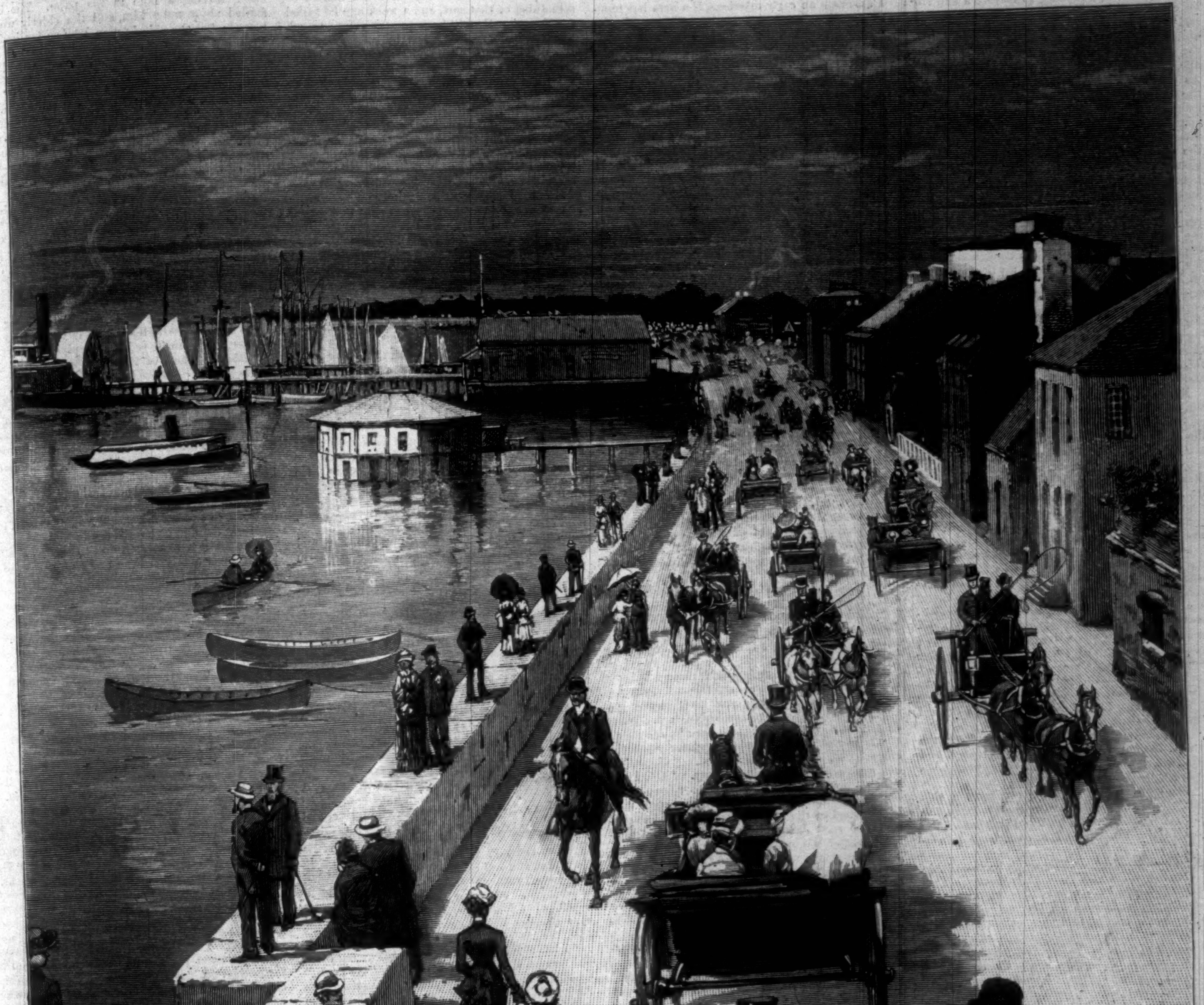

THE RESPONSIBLE PERSON
MR.—
EIGHT HOUSES COLLAPSE.
THE DEAD, THE WOUNDED, AND MISSING.
MANY WORKMEN BURIED IN THE RUINS
Th. Nast.

A DEATH BLOW—GAMBLING WITH LIFE.



A COLLAPSE OF "SPECULATIVE BUILDINGS" IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by C. Graham and J. Durkin.—[See Page 266.]

1. The Crash. 2. Searching the Ruins at Night. 3. The Ambulance Service. 4. The Police Line.



A MARCH DAY IN ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 267.]

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The Reverend Dr. Melton was just beginning to feel at home in his new parsonage when he was surprised one evening to receive a call from his classmate Harvey Leigh. In college days they had been friends, and for a while after their graduation they had exchanged letters and visits; but the letters and visits had come to an end long ago, and it was many years since they had met. As they sat in the book-lined study, each eyed the other curiously. Years sat lightly on Mr. Leigh, and he was dressed fashionably, almost youthfully. In his dark red neck scarf was thrust a gold dog's head with ruby eyes, and to the parson the scarf and the dog's head suggested a sporting character. He knew that Mr. Leigh was not a sporting character, and he wondered mildly that a highly respectable, prosperous, middle-aged lawyer should thus adorn his person. Moreover Mr. Leigh had brought into the study a tall silk hat and a dapper little walking-stick, and these he held as though they were far too precious to be laid on an unsympathetic chair. He clung to them until the parson was filled with an unchristian desire to throw them out of the window; but instead, he broke off in the middle of a sentence, took hat and stick from his guest, and carried them to the new so-called Queen Anne rack in the hall. There he left them, together with the engraved card that had announced Mr. Leigh's presence in the house.

Mr. Leigh, in the minute that he was alone, smiled, and the smile had in it a touch of pitying condescension, and when the parson re-entered the study his guest scanned him leisurely. He saw a tall, loose-limbed, awkward man, clad in black broadcloth of country cut, with a low vest that displayed a liberal expanse of spotless linen. Dr. Melton's slippers were a little the worse for wear, but he knew that his daughter would surprise him at Christmas with a new pair, and meanwhile the old ones were comfortable. His collar and cravat were neat, albeit not fashionable, and they were well hidden by a flowing gray beard that had more white hairs in it than there were in his mustache. From under his broad forehead a pair of contemplative blue eyes looked at the world with mingled shrewdness and kindness, and they rested on his guest with a sort of comical surprise. He thought Mr. Leigh rather foppish in his dress, and Mr. Leigh hoped that the country parson would soon be introduced to a New York tailor, and taught town ways by some of the deacons in the church to which he had been called upon to minister.

"Well," he said, "and how do you fancy the idea of becoming a metropolitan preacher, and seeing your sermon garbled in Monday morning's paper?"

"The papers didn't garble my sermon this week," the doctor said. "On the contrary, the reporters picked out the best and overlooked the worst in the kindest and most flattering fashion."

Mr. Leigh laughed. "You won't be so amiable to reporters when you know them better. This is quite a change from your old life, and an agreeable change, no doubt. Or do you believe that God made the country and man made the town?"

"I believe God made them both, and man tries his best to spoil both," the parson answered.

"Ah, that's neat—very neat. By-the-way, I ought to call you doctor. I read your book on the Atonement with a good deal of pleasure." The parson winced, but Mr. Leigh did not observe that. "I don't wonder the college doctored you for it, though your ideas must seem rather liberal to the musty old fogies who peddle out Latin and Greek and theology."

"I came near being one of the musty old fogies myself," said Dr. Melton. "They wanted me to be a professor, but I prefer to be a parson."

"A city parson," said his guest.

"I am not so sure about the city part," Dr. Melton said, slowly. "It was pleasant up there in the country: I was attached to my people; I liked to potter about in my garden. I was astonished when I received a call from New York. I don't know that I would have accepted it if one of my deacons had not had a promising son ready to fill my place, and I think that my congregation rather liked the idea of a young dominie. I had about come to the conclusion that I should live and die a country parson; but here I am."

"With six thousand dollars a year and a comfortable house," added Mr. Leigh.

The parson frowned. "A man with four children has no right to slight a chance of bettering his fortune; but it was not the money that brought me to New York. There is work here—" He broke off suddenly, perhaps because he saw the shadow of a sneer on Mr. Leigh's lips. "And you are still living in Philadelphia?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; I would not live anywhere else. New-Yorkers may turn up their noses and call it a village, but Philadelphia suits people who belong to the old Quaker stock."

"Quaker! You haven't turned Friend?" The parson's eye lit on the glittering scarf pin. "You used to be an Episcopalian when we were in college."

"I am yet," said Mr. Leigh; "but my ancestors were Quakers—sort of cousins of old Penn, you know."

"You have a son, I believe, to perpetuate the name?" the parson remarked, dryly.

"One son—an only child. Morton is twenty-four, and reading law in my office. A bright fellow too; never gives me a moment's uneasiness; always at work; steady-going; no boyish nonsense about him."

"Twenty-four," the parson repeated, "and no boyish nonsense about him? There is a good deal of nonsense about my boys, I am hap—sorry to say. Still, I hope they won't disgrace me. Their mother thinks they are all right, and I am learning every day of my life that my wisdom, as compared with hers, is beneath contempt. I can hardly believe you have a son twenty-four. Why, you are a spruce young man yourself."

"Thanks to a life free from excesses of any kind," said Mr. Leigh. "And I married early—I advocate an early marriage, if a man has money enough to support a family. This waiting to scrape together a paltry income is terribly hard on a young man. Yes, I married early, and I have every reason to believe that my son will follow my example."

"So!" the parson exclaimed, raising his eyebrows very high. "I am glad to hear that. I married early myself, but it was on one of the paltry incomes—a thousand dollars, to be accurate."

"A thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Leigh, in horror.

"Yes; and we were happy." Dr. Melton rose as he spoke, his eyes straying toward a photograph of his wife that stood on the mantel-shelf. He took his pipe and filled it, smiling absently the while. "I can't offer you a cigar," he said, "but if a pipe—"

"Thank you. I have a cigar with me," said Mr. Leigh.

The two gentlemen smoked for a few minutes in pensive silence.

"And when is your boy to marry?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is not quite arranged yet."

"So you arrange marriages in Philadelphia? And this particular marriage is not quite arranged? Humph! I don't understand that sort of thing. Up in the country it is, 'Mary, I love you,' and 'Jack, I love you in return,' and then my services are called for. How does one arrange a marriage in Philadelphia?"

The touch of sarcasm was quite lost on Mr. Leigh, who had crossed his legs, and sat absorbed in thought, frowning at the patent-leather tip of his neat shoe. His host watched him until he uncrossed his legs and looked up.

"Have you any daughters, doctor?" he asked.

"Two of them."

"Grown up?"

"I hope so; otherwise they will tower over my head."

"And do you understand them?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a gravity that made the parson's blue eyes twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitch.

"Oh no, I don't understand them; I don't understand any creature in petticoats; but my daughters are good girls, and their mother assures me that they are remarkably gifted. What do I want to understand them for?"

"It might be an advantage under some circumstances," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Damn it!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added.

"I don't mind; there are times when a man is refreshed by the trill of a curse," said the parson, who read Jean Paul. "What is the matter, though? What girl do you think it might be an advantage to understand?"

"My ward," answered Mr. Leigh. "She is an orphan, a far-away cousin of my wife, and she has lived with us for the past five years. She has a nice little fortune; she is pretty; she is well-bred—"

"That goes without saying," muttered the parson, stroking his long beard.

"But she hasn't a grain of common-sense." Mr. Leigh rose, took up a position on the rug, slipped his left hand under the short tails of his cut-away coat, and gesticulated with his right as he warmed to his story. "Last summer," he began, "she was twenty-one, and just out of school. She went to Cape May with the Phippards, people in whom I placed the utmost confidence. I thought she was safe with them; but lo and behold! she must make the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held the responsible position of book-keeper in one of our large hardware shops, a retail concern, and he has sold many a paper of tacks over the counter. I was in Europe; so this interesting tack-seller ran down to Cape May every Sunday, and staid until Monday. Then he had a clerk's two weeks' vacation, and he spent that at Cape May. I came back in October, and before I had been home twenty-four hours who should call at the house but this young man? He wanted to see me, and I saw him, and was informed by him that he had wooed and won my ward. I asked if he proposed to take her to live over the shop."

Mr. Leigh's thin lips curled downward; he glanced at the parson for sympathy, but he encountered a steady, somewhat critical look. Dr. Melton took the pipe out of his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke upward through his mustache.

"Why shouldn't they live over the shop?" he said.

"Oh, you don't understand," Mr. Leigh exclaimed, fretfully. "She has been brought up in luxury, and she ought to have some idea of what is proper and fitting. There has been a terrible time. Why, I assure you I have had the sympathy of all Philadelphia. This hardware man had the effrontery to say that he had money enough to take care of a wife, just as though he had never thought of my ward's little fortune. He begged me to go and see his employers—people I never heard of—and I told him that I did not want their recommendations; I did not propose to hire a book-keeper. He was insolent, and I ordered him out. Then *she* blazed away at me, the weak, infatuated girl. I tried to reason with her; my wife talked to her; my son—Well, you see, my son wanted to marry her too, and he would have made just the husband for her, but she told him if he spoke to her she would ask her hardware man to protect her. Think of it! As though Morton would insult her—the best-mannered man that ever lived."

Mr. Leigh had grown excited. His cigar had gone out, and he relighted it, drawing at it fiercely until the end burned bright like a bit of coal.

"And Morton is very fond of her," he continued—"so fond of her, in fact, that he is waiting like a hero for this to blow over. I think the farce is nearly ended, for the hardware man became partner the other day in a nail factory or something of that sort, and a week ago he sailed for Europe. He will have to stay a year, travelling for his firm, and when he comes back—" Mr. Leigh broke off to smile astutely and to drop the lid over his left eye.

"I don't exactly understand your objections to him," said Dr. Melton, slowly. "Does he drink, or keep low company?"

"No," answered Mr. Leigh; "but—"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, interrupting him, "but I want to speak in his behalf. He must be industrious, and no fool, and prospering, or he would not have jumped into this new position. I confess I don't think you have made out a clear case. Of course you want to see your son happy; but if she does not love your son, that ends the matter. And if she does love this other man, and he is honest and upright, why should he not have her?"

"He is not her equal," said Mr. Leigh. "You know in Philadelphia—"

The parson rose up with a stifled exclamation that, coming from a layman's lips, might have sounded profane.

"It is warm in here," he said. "I want a little fresh air; I am not used to a furnace-heated house. Poor girl! The city has not yet claimed me for its own, and I miss the fire-place in my old study. Poor fellow!"

He threw up the window, and looked out on a wide expanse of tiny high-fenced back yards; but overhead was the clear sea of sky, where the moon rode at anchor amid the fleet of stars. He stood there, drawing in the crisp December air, until a tap sounded on the door. "Come in," he cried, and one of his daughters entered—a tall, slim girl with her father's blue eyes.

"Papa," she said, pressing close to him, and smiling mysteriously, "there are some people in the parlor."

"Drawing-room, my dear," said the doctor. "We are in Philadelphia."

"We are not, but no matter," she returned. "I tell you there are some people in the parlor, and I think it is our first town wedding. She is very pretty, and she has on the loveliest little bonnet you ever saw. Go marry 'em quick, and let me be a witness, only they have two witnesses with them."

He passed his arm about her and kissed her, she did not know why; then led her to his guest.

"Mollie, this is a classmate of mine. My daughter, Mr. Leigh—Mr. Harvey Leigh, of Philadelphia. You must excuse me for a few minutes."

He went into the adjoining parlor. Yes, it was a wedding party, no doubt, but the would-be bride and groom did not look like the brides and grooms that seek out a parson in such a fashion. The man was a gentleman, with a fine face and dignified bearing. The girl was pretty, but more than that, she had an air of courage, of self-reliance; she was not a weak piece of pink and white flesh. An older couple was with them, a somewhat frightened middle-aged man and a very nervous middle-aged woman, evidently his wife, for she clung to his arm helplessly.

"I am William Dunbar," said the young man. The parson shook hands with him. "And this," he added, turning to the young lady, "is Miss Kate Perry. We are both of age—in fact, I am thirty-three—and I hope you will be good enough to marry us."

Mr. Dunbar was very much in earnest, but he smiled a little. "Our marriage is sudden," he added, "because I must sail for Europe to-morrow, and I want to take my wife with me."

The parson looked at him, then at the girl. Her eyes met his steadily, though a faint flush stole into her cheeks.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I have neither father nor mother. I have been living in Philadelphia with my guardian." The words were spoken softly, but her eyes flashed. "I am free to do as I please," she went on. "My guardian has no right to dictate any longer."

"Hum!" said Dr. Melton, passing his hand over his beard. "And you are from Philadelphia too?" he added, turning to Mr. Dunbar.

"I am," was the curt response.

"Your name sounds familiar," said the parson. "Could I have seen it the other day in a list of passengers for Europe?"

He scanned the faces before him. The man's jaws clicked; the girl's flush deepened into crimson.

"We are free to marry," said Mr. Dunbar. "There is no reason why we should not be man and wife. If you won't perform the ceremony, I shall find some one who is willing. We have with us my uncle and aunt; but there is no use in wasting words. Will you marry us?"

"Yes," said the parson. Then he asked a few formal questions, and married them according to the ritual of the Dutch Church. He begged them to be seated for a minute, while he filled out the certificate. This made it necessary for him to return to the study.

"A runaway country couple?" said Mr. Leigh.

"I can't swear to the country part," the parson answered, as he drew a certificate out of his desk.

"I wonder you are willing to perform the ceremony," Mr. Leigh remarked. "I should think it was a great risk to marry runaway couples."

"The risk is greater without it," said the parson. "If I don't tie the knot, somebody will, and it is generally a satisfaction to one to know that the knot is tied. In this case, however, I am quite sure I am doing right. Do you believe in physiognomy?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"Well, so do I, and I am confident that I have just married a sweet girl to a man who is worthy of her."

He went back to the parlor with the certificate, taking pen and ink, so that the witnesses might sign their names. Mr. Dunbar shook him by the hand, leaving a note in his palm. The bride smiled shyly upon him, and the elderly woman bowed; but the elderly man, who so far had not spoken a word, said, suddenly, "I will tell you, sir, that you will never regret having helped this marriage."

"I don't believe I could have helped it," said the parson, with a droll glance at the new-made husband. "I might have been the means of deferring it, but Mr. Dunbar intends to take his wife to Europe in spite of a dozen tyrannical guardians and a dozen more reluctant clergymen.—God bless you and make you happy!" he added, taking the young wife's hand.

Her eyes filled with tears, but her husband drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

Two carriages were waiting outside. One went to the north, the other to the south; but the parson watched the one that went to the south, for in that sat a man and woman whom he believed he had made happy for life, so far as wedded bliss brings happiness.

He returned to the study, gave the wedding fee to his daughter, who bore it off in triumph to her mother, and then he refilled his pipe.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" said Mr. Leigh.

"Not precisely this sort of thing. The bride and groom were not girl and boy; neither did they belong to what you would call the common class. By-the-way, it was a Philadelphia party—a William Dunbar—"

Mr. Leigh started from his chair. "Dunbar!" he repeated. "And the girl?"

"Kate Perry—Katherine, rather."

Mr. Leigh stared at him vacantly. "My ward!" he cried, in sudden anger. "And after all I told you! Why didn't you call me in there?"

"How was I to know that?" said Dr. Melton. "You never mentioned the name of your ward or her lover. You simply called him the hardware man."

Mr. Leigh walked out of the library, took his hat and stick, struggled into his overcoat, and left the house without vouchsafing another word to his host. The parson showed him out, and looked at him walking swiftly down the moon-lit street. When he went to his study again he had by no means the craven air of a man who has done a dastardly deed. On the contrary, he laughed outright as he sat down at his desk, whereon lay the notes of his sermon. But he did not finish the sermon. He went to his daughter and begged her to lend him a good novel, and he read a love story that evening instead of theology.

Charles Dunning.

A RECKLESS BUILDER.

Section 183 of the Penal Code declares: "The killing of a human being is murder in the first degree when committed. . . . by an act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual." Whatever may be the view taken by a court and jury, these words would seem to the ordinary mind to convey a very clear description of the killing of Louis Walters by the act of Charles Buddensiek, the builder; and if the shameless "speculator" could be brought to the gallows, we know of no one, unless some "capitalist" who has shared his wicked profits, who would regret it.

The tale is a plain one. Walters was crushed in the wreck of the eight buildings owned and built by Buddensiek on West Sixty-second Street, in this city. These structures were five stories in height, and were intended to contain ten families each, or, at the rate of only five persons to each family, four hundred human beings in all. They were situated on a slope of some thirty degrees toward the west. On Monday, the 13th of April, the houses were receiving the final touches of plumbers, roofers, and carpenters, when, without an instant's warning, they tumbled in a heap of ruins, burying some dozen or more men, of whom Walters received fatal injuries. It needed but slight investigation to show that the same disaster might have occurred had the buildings held their four hundred intended inmates, when, with even the same miraculous proportion of escapes, at least a score of lives would have been lost. The structures were, in fact, but piles of loose stone and brick and light timbers, run up without mortar, and having no more strength or stability than the play-houses built by country school-children at the road-side, to be pushed over when their little hands sought the pleasure of rebuilding. From the foundation to the roof the stuff called mortar was made largely from the loam taken from the cellars, with less adhesive force than puddled clay, resolving itself, as it dried, into powder, and making the walls even less secure than if they had been laid without it.

The building of these cruel life-traps is the regular business of the man Buddensiek, who, to avoid responsibility before the law, had recorded them in the name of his penniless janitor, one Haug, and had given as his architect his clerk, one Spitzer. Buddensiek has for years been known to the authorities as an unscrupulous person, who by every possible trick had evaded or sought to evade the penalties attaching to his constant and uniform violation of the building and sanitary laws. The work which has just come to so startling an end had been "regularly" inspected, and no reports, so far as can be found, had been made complaining of or exposing the offenses against the law that must have been going on for months under the eyes of the inspectors. The conclusion is unavoidable that, in its present form, and as now enforced, the building law of the city of New York is worth no more than Buddensiek's mortar. It holds nothing;

and the city, like this man's walls, would be better without the pretended security. It was to be hoped, however, that a court and jury would be able to see that **BUDDENSIEK** is a man "of depraved mind, regardless of human life," and that "by an act imminently dangerous to others" he had "killed a human being," and was guilty in the eye of the law of "murder in the first degree." The indictments that has been found for manslaughter in the second degree seems painfully inadequate, for who can reckon the awful consequences if, by the act of **BUDDENSIEK** or of some of his tribe, hundreds of human beings should some day be crushed beneath the wreck of such buildings as he has fo years been building?

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

BUILDING PLACES.—WINDS AND RAIN.

CLIMATE is the most important single factor in the "environment" of one's dwelling-place; but we can not all choose our climate. The most important single element in it we can have with fair accuracy, with respect to any given place, by noting the temperature of the perennial springs, which gives nearly the average temperature of the year. This, and note of the dates when flowers blossom and fruits ripen, will give a better idea of the climate of a place than you are likely to get from a table of figures.

The temperature of a given region is, however, generally that of a large adjacent country, and therefore it is not a thing to be selected quite at will by many. Those who can choose will often choose a foreign climate; while, for better or for worse, most of us must accept the conditions of heat or cold which are common to a vast area, for the climate of the entire Eastern and Central States is essentially the same thing. But the choice of other conditions, as winds, exposure, rain-fall, adjacent regions, elevation, may frequently be made within much narrower limits.

Winds.—World over, the prevailing winds in the temperate zone are westerly. In Western European countries the exposure of the house should be preferably to the quarter whence come the driest winds; but that is less an object in our dry climate.

Air coming from over the sea is generally moister than that coming over land, and it is free from malaria. For some distance from the shore it contains salt, but in such very small quantity as not to be medicinal. People sometimes speak of the sea-air as being "too strong" for them. The phrase is meaningless; what they intend to say is that it is too cool and moist.

"Change of air" is another commonly used phrase of little meaning. As Dr. Frank Hamilton says, "A change of air is of less value than a change of scene, unless it be a change from an impure to a pure air. The air is changed every time the direction of the wind is changed."

The higher the elevation, the purer the air, as a rule; but to this there are exceptions. A valley may be the conduit of malarious disease. A house is built at the head of a ravine, thousands of feet above sea-level, and the occupants feel perfectly safe from any air-borne malady. Yet during the summer-time they may be stricken down with malaria, or, as happened at Newcastle, Jamaica, in 1856 and 1857, with yellow fever. How may this happen? The ravine below the buildings, filled with decaying vegetation, acted as a funnel or upward shoot for the ascending current of air, which carried the fatal malaria to buildings 3500 feet above sea-level. At a moderate distance from the head of the ravine these buildings would have been safe.

The same risk is run when the wind blows from marshy ground, even though it may be distant. A striking instance of this occurred in Boná, Algeria.

"Boná stands on a hill overlooking the sea; a plain of a deep rich vegetable soil extends southward from it, but little raised above the sea-level. The plain receives not only the rain-fall, but the water from adjacent mountains, and is consequently saturated with wet. The population living on it (the hill of Boná) and near it suffered intensely from fever. Entire regiments were destroyed by death and inefficiency. It was at last determined to drain the plain. The result of this work was an immediate reduction of the sick and death rate."

Besides drainage, another protection against this wind-borne malaria may be found in a screen of growing wood. This, indeed, will give more safety than a position miles away or thousands of feet high to leeward.

The rain-fall of the region is a question of practical interest; for, as Douglas Galton says, "The moisture in the soil depends upon the amount and the mode of incidence of the rain-fall. As a rule, rain-fall is the parent of the ground water."

No factor in climate varies more than this. The rain-fall ranges, indeed, from none at all to six hundred inches per year or more.

At Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, I once measured a fall of 10¼ inches in one day, and of 182 inches in a year, and thought it a great deal. But at the Kharia Hills, which are separated by two hundred miles of swamps from the Bay of Burged, as much as 700 inches of rain-fall have been observed in a single year, while the average, the heaviest average that has been recorded, is 600 inches, or over 60,000 tons of water to the acre; and thirty inches have been recorded in a day.

In England the average annual rain-fall is 32 inches, but in the west, near hills, 150 inches have been recorded. In London the annual rain-fall is 25.2 inches; in Paris it is 23.1; in Vienna, 19.6; in St. Petersburg, 17.6; in Naples, 41.8; in New York, 36; in Boston, 39.23; in Philadelphia, 49; in Washington, 40; in Madeira, 27.9; in San Domingo, 107.6; in Bombay, 110 inches.

In England experiments show that nearly two-thirds of the annual rain-fall goes back into the air by evaporation. Whether it load the air or moisten the earth it is an important factor in determining the desirability of a region for residence. The medium of moisture is the best. Those who live in very moist climates are more likely to suffer from tuberculous and strumous complaints; those who live in very dry climates, from nervous affections.

The rain-fall varies greatly, too, with the climate, being, as a rule, greater where the climate is wet; with the region, as nearer or more distant from the sea; and with the time of year. In England the driest months are March and April; the wettest are October and November. After these months the soil becomes saturated by percolation. In Mr. Diesimon's experiments it was shown that from April to September ninety-three per cent. of rain-fall was evaporated and seven per cent. absorbed, while from October to March twenty-five per cent. was evaporated and seventy-five per cent. absorbed. Much of the healthfulness of a site for residence depends, as we have seen, upon the rapidity and thoroughness with which a soil rids itself of water.

T. M. COAN, M.D.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

ANYBODY who has travelled South by rail in February or March must recall his jubilant sensations as the train passed over the line at which the cold stops, and beyond which it is delightful in those months to stand out on the rear platform. As a rule, that line runs somewhere between Acquia Creek and Richmond, though it is variable, and once or twice last winter, according to report, slipped down below New Orleans, which may account possibly for the backwardness of spring in this neighborhood. It is rare, however, for the vagaries of this line to lead it below St. Augustine, in Florida, which "basks 'mid flowers in summer's smile" pretty nearly always.

St. Augustine has come of recent years to be a place of great fashion, and the winter just passed has been one of unparalleled success. The town is thronged by rich people from the North. It is not always that Florida towns respond to the declared inclination of people of means to dwell in them and to spend money in them. Key West, for instance, which has the reputation of possessing the most equable and charming climate to be found within the limits of the United States, will do nothing more to the purpose than to produce a very near and admirable approximation to the Havana cigar. But St. Augustine has responded. Hotels have been built in the town, and those that were there have been renovated, so that sojourners may dwell in luxury. It is pleasant to Northerners to eat shad and green peas and strawberries at a time when the rivers and the earth hereabouts are locked in ice. Moreover, St. Augustine is an ancient town, the oldest in this country except Santa Fe. It celebrated last month the 320th anniversary of its birth. Many people love to escape from the bustle and contention of the growing towns of the North. Contrasts are acceptable, and there is no greater contrast for an American than a town in its decadence. St. Augustine can hardly be said to be in its decadence, for as a Mecca for the tourists it has become of late years more thriving than it ever was before, but the spirit of age and rest broods over it, and the contrast that it affords to most of the dwelling-places in this uneasy country is sufficiently great.

The picture on page 265 shows the fashionable drive and promenade at St. Augustine. The right of the way is lined with ancient Spanish buildings, built of adobe, not imposing, but exceedingly picturesque. The roadway extends from these buildings to the sea-wall. It is filled in the cool of every day with open carriages. There is no place for pedestrians except on the sea-wall to the left. The sea-wall is narrow and unprotected by railings, but it is thronged with promenaders nevertheless. The people in the carriages and on the sea-wall dress (it being winter) as they do here in summer. The ladies wear white dresses, and the men wear straw hats if they wish to. In the background stands the St. Augustine Yacht Club house, and in the water ride several of the "dug-out" canoes which are indigenous to the locality.

A WEDDING IN PERSIA.

FROM an early hour in the morning of an *aroosee*, or wedding in the middle ranks of life, there has been considerable bustle in the house of the bride's father. The house has been literally swept and garnished. Carpets have been borrowed, and rooms that at other times are unused and empty are now furnished and decorated with flowers. When all is ready the master of the house, dressed in his best, gives a last anxious glance at the preparations, and has an excited discussion with his wife or wives. He waves his hand to the musicians, and hurries to a seat near the door, to be ready to welcome his guests. The music strikes up a merry tune (it is really an air—barbaric, but inspiriting); the tremendous din of the *dohol* is heard at intervals. Then in a loud scream rises the voice of the principal solo singer, who commences one of the sad love songs of Persia in a high falsetto voice. This is the signal to the invited guests: they now commence to arrive in crowds. The music and singing proceed, and go on unceasingly till the bride leaves for her husband's home some ten hours after the artists begin. As the guests pour in, the host receives them with transports of pleasure—all the extravagant compliments of Eastern politeness pass between them. "May your wedding be fortunate!" "You are indeed welcome; this is a never-to-be-forgotten honor to me, your slave!"

Every one takes tea, every one crunches the sweets of various kinds which are piled on china dishes in huge trays in the centre of the rooms. Several hundred-weights of confectionery—not food, but "sweets"—are thus consumed. Conversation goes on, pipes are smoked by both men and women. Messages pass between the two court-yards. But the men remain in their quarters, and the women in theirs. The musicians and buffoons are allowed, however, in the women's court on these occasions; they are supposed to be mere professional persons, and on this account are tolerated. At noon a heavy breakfast is served. If there be two hundred guests, there is meat for them and for, say, a hundred servants and hangers-on; while what remains, a still larger portion, is given to the poor. Dinner is served on the same lavish scale as the breakfast. Fowls by the hundred, boiled to rags, under piles of variously colored rice; lambs roasted whole, or boiled in fragments; mutton in savory stews; game and venison hot on the spit; kebabs and pillaws of endless variety; soups, sweets, fruit in profusion: all this is served with the lavishness of true Oriental hospitality.

And now there is a hum of suspense. It is night, and the whole place is lighted up by lamps, candles in shades, and lanterns. A noise of a distant crowd is heard; alms in money are freely distributed among the crowd of beggars and poor at the door; horses are brought for the bride and her friends. The procession of the bridegroom is approaching; and it must be understood that another grand party has been going on at *his* father's house. The musicians play and sing their loudest; the roofs (the flat roofs of the East) are thronged by all the women and children of the quarter. The bridegroom and his friends arrive, and are welcomed by the women with a peculiar echoing cry of "Kel lel lel," produced by tapping the cheeks. Then the bride appears, carefully veiled with a huge sheet of pink and spangled muslin. She goes to the door and mounts a gayly caparisoned horse. All the male guests join the procession. Lighted cressets full of blazing embers are carried on high poles to lead and light the way. The lanterns of all the guests are lighted and carried in this procession, which joyfully wends its way through a cheering crowd. At the moment the bride leaves her father's house a shout of "Kel lel lel" announces the fact. Fire-works blaze, the music is deafening, above all is heard the monotonous banging of the wedding drum; and so, the buffoons and musicians leading the way, the procession slowly moves on. As it approaches the house of the bridegroom several sheep are sacrificed in honor of the bride; they are slain at her feet as she steps over her husband's threshold for the first time, accompanied by a female friend or two; then invoking blessings on the pair, all wend their way home, and the festival is over.

ROUTES OF CHOLERA FROM INDIA.

CHOLERA has been known to be present in India almost continuously since A. D. 1503. It has often been carried to other countries, but has never become a permanent resident in any of them. The reasons why cholera originates only in India and persists there are supposed to be these: (1) the enormous number of people, estimated at two hundred and eighty millions, who live there; (2) the poverty, poor water, food and dwellings, and the filth of the people.

The poverty of the people is so great that many families live on about fifty dollars, all told, for a year. Their food consists mainly of rice, which is often half cooked for want of fuel, and is eaten cold at supper and breakfast, by which time it has been turned, or even soured. They have very little salt, as there is a heavy tax upon it, less milk and butter, no meat, and but little fish. They also drink no tea, coffee, or spirits, and if it were not for spices and currie powder they would have no stimulants at all, and the great mortality among them would be still greater. The Chinese and Japanese and Central Asiatics use hot tea and boiled water freely, and much opium, all of which tend to prevent bowel complaints. The Persians, Arabians, Egyptians, and Turks almost live upon coffee, for which the water, of course, is always boiled, and all germs of disease and microbes are killed. The Hindoos use cold water only, with a little bang or hasheesh, and suffer largely from disease caused by water contamination. In the dry season the water contained in the numberless large and small tanks becomes stagnant and foul. In addition, the natives wash themselves, clothes, and household utensils in the tank water, and then use it for cooking and drinking. They also all live in villages in which the houses are closely packed together, and the spaces between them are used for conveniency and all kinds of filth. Their huts only have a small door and no windows, and when infectious or contagious disease occurs, all the neighbors crowd in these miserably ventilated hovels to aid and pray for them. This, with the malarious soil, is all the mystery of cholera in India, and is enough to account for it.

The pilgrimages in India are numerous and vast, and thus the disease is spread over the whole country. Pilgrimages of the sixty millions of Mohammedans to the holy shrine of Mecca, in Arabia, take place every year, and to the holy cities of the Meschids, in Persia, almost incessantly. Thus with the march of merchant caravans and armies spreads the pestilence toward Europe, and steam and sailing vessels aid in carrying it everywhere.

From Calcutta and Madras, on the east coast, cholera is carried to Burmah, Java, Sumatra, Tonquin, China, and Japan. From northwestern India it is carried into Afghanistan, Persia, and Central Asia, to Russia. From Bombay it is forwarded, by Egypt, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean Sea, to Europe.

Toward Europe there are three great cholera routes—(1) the North Persian and Central Asiatic, (2) the Persian Gulf route, and (3) the Red Sea route. Over all these it has been repeatedly forwarded to Europe, and finally to America.

Formerly it used always to be carried overland to Russia; now it gets out from Bombay into Persia, Arabia, and Egypt.

The first great epidemic of modern times started from India in 1817, and was carried to Persia, southern Russia, and Syria by 1822 and 1823, in all of which places it died out.

The second great epidemic commenced in India in 1827, reached Russia in 1829, was forwarded to England and Ireland in 1831, and carried to Canada and New York in 1832. It was forwarded west by the Erie Canal, the St. Lawrence River, and Lakes Ontario and Erie to Buffalo and Detroit. Then, by thirty thousand emigrants and the United States army going to the Black Hawk war in Iowa, up Lake Huron and down Lake Michigan to Chicago, and down the Mississippi River to New Orleans.

The third great epidemic commenced in India in 1844, and was forwarded over the North Persian route to Russia in 1846 and 1847, reached Germany, France, and England in 1847 and 1848. From Havre, France, it was carried by three emigrant ships, the *Callao*, *Bremen*, and *Swanton* to New Orleans, and up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, and overland, by emigrants going to the gold fields of California, to Sacramento City and San Francisco. Later, in 1849, it was brought from England and France to New York and Canada, and again forwarded west over the former routes.

The fourth epidemic, that of 1854, rose from the slumbering germs in Europe, re-enforced by fresh importations from India and Persia, and was again sent from England and France to New Orleans, and up the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri rivers as far north and east as Chicago, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, before it commenced to rage in New York by other importations from England and France.

The fifth epidemic commenced in India in April, 1865, was carried to Mecca, Arabia, and Egypt by May and June, was in Egypt and Alexandria by June 14, and arrived at Marseilles, by steam-ships from Alexandria, also in June; was forwarded to Paris and Havre, overland, and sent to New York in emigrant steam-ships by November, 1865. It was also carried to England from Egypt in steam-ships, and quickly forwarded to New York, but died out in the winter. Early in 1866 all Europe was overrun with cholera, and many cases were sent to New York, from which it was distributed all over the country to the west and south by railroads, steamboats, and sailing vessels.

The sixth epidemic commenced in India in 1867 and 1868, was carried to Persia by the North Persian route, to Russia, and from there to Germany, England, and France, and from there to New Orleans in January and February, 1873. It was again carried up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and got as far east as Wheeling and Pittsburgh before it was stamped out.

It will have been noticed that cholera in North America has been landed only at Quebec, New York, and New Orleans. All the rest of the great Atlantic and Gulf coasts have escaped. It has always been brought to us in ships, the names of which are well known, and by emigrants among whom the names of almost all the sick and dead are known.

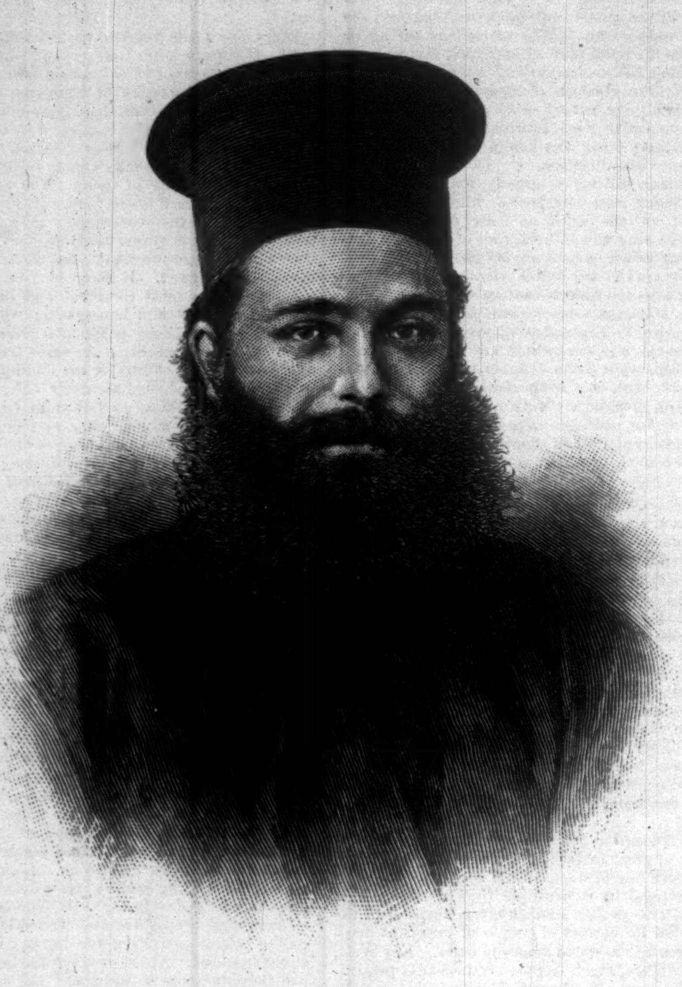
It has been brought to some of the West India Islands by ships from Europe, but more frequently from New York and New Orleans.

It has been carried several times from Europe to South America, especially by steam-ships from Genoa, Italy, as there was in 1867, 1873, and later a very large Italian emigration to South America. South America last year, 1884, sent back all the Italian cholera ships, and escaped the pestilence. It allowed no infected vessels to come into any of its ports.

The last cholera, that of 1883 and 1884, which we dread will be revived in Europe this spring and summer, was carried from India to Tonquin and China in 1881 and 1882, and was sent back to France in 1883 and 1884. It was also carried from Bombay to Damietta, in Egypt, in 1883, and caused nearly forty thousand deaths, when it died out completely. From Egypt it was carried late in 1883 to Marseilles, in France, where it died out in the winter. In 1884 it was brought from Tonquin, and perhaps from Egypt, to Toulon, in France, and was spread to Italy by fleeing Italian laborers. It was sent from France to Spain, and also up to Paris, where it caused about a thousand deaths in October and November, 1884. Whether it will commence anew in Europe this year no one knows; but, with the modern knowledge of the disease and sanitation, it will be disgraceful to all concerned if it does. We do not know whether it will reach this country; but if it does, all large cities with good boards of health and large and pure water supply will escape lightly. Dirty towns and villages, where much animal and human filth is stored, and where the wells are contaminated, will suffer heavily. The poison of cholera is all contained in the discharges, and if the nurses and attendants of the sick will be careful to wash their hands after handling anything soiled by them, there will be no danger, provided also all soiled clothing and articles are washed and disinfected at once. It is the persons in the incipient stages of the disease, those suffering with the premonitory diarrhœa, who sow the germs of the disease everywhere, and by handling even bread or fruit or vegetables contaminate them in such way that they become dangerous and infectious to others. Cholera progresses slowly in this way, and is easily stamped out. When the poison gets into drinking-water, numerous cases occur almost instantaneously, and if the germs were not very perishable, the whole race would almost be exterminated.

J. C. **Peters**, M. D.

PHILOTHEOS BRYENNIOS.



PHILOTHEOS BRYENNIOS.

Philotheos Bryennios has immortalized himself by one of the most important literary discoveries of the age—the earliest Church manual, called *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*. It was known to the Greek fathers (**Clement** of Alexandria, **Eusebius**, **Athanasius**, **Nicephorus**) under this name, but had entirely disappeared, and remained hidden in the library of the Convent of the Most Holy Sepulchre, in the Greek quarter of Constantinople, till December, 1883, when **Bryennios** published it from the only manuscript extant. The book created almost as great a sensation in the theological world of Europe and America as the still more important discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript of the Greek Testament by the late Professor **Tischendorf**, in 1859, at the foot of Mount Sinai, which has, besides, all the charms of a heroic romance with its three journeys through the wilderness, its disappointments and failures, its ultimate success, and its connection with monastic life in the East and the late unfortunate Czar **Alexander** II.

The importance of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* naturally excited great interest in the person of **Bryénnios**. But little has been known of him hitherto till within a few days the present writer received from his own hand, in modern Greek, an autobiographical sketch, with a private letter. From this we shall take the principal facts, which will interest the readers of the **Weekly**.

Philotheos Bryennios was born of Greek parents in a village near Constantinople in the year 1833, and is consequently now fifty-two years of age. He was very poor, but very bright, and full of zeal for the acquisition of knowledge. By the kindness of a Greek bishop he received a liberal education in the Patriarchal Seminary at Chalce, an island near Constantinople, and was appointed a professor. But to finish his studies he attended the universities of Leipsic, Berlin, and Munich. This accounts for his extraordinary familiarity with German theology. In his books he freely quotes **Neander**, **Gieseler**, **Hilgenfeld**, **Hefele**, and the writers of *Herzog's Encyclopædia*. He is more at home among the Protestant German divines than among the Roman Catholic. Of English writers he only refers to *Bingham's Antiquities*, and once to **Lightfoot**. He does not seem to know the language. In 1875 he visited Germany again, in an official capacity, as a delegate to the Old Catholic Conference arranged by the aged Dr. **Döllinger** in Munich for an adjustment of the long controversy between the Greek and Latin Churches concerning the double or single procession of the Holy Spirit. There he became acquainted with a number of English Churchmen who attended that Conference.

Bryennios was for several years Professor of Church History at Chalce. In 1875 he was appointed Metropolitan of Serræ, an ancient see in Macedonia. A few years afterward he was transferred to the Metropolitan see of Nicomedia (Ismid), once the capital of **Diocletian**, the last persecutor among the Roman emperors, and of his successor, **Constantine** the Great, who died there in the year 337. The Metropolitan of Nicomedia is next in rank to the Metropolitan of Ephesus and the Patriarch of Constantinople, the rival of the Pope of Rome. His city residence is in the Greek quarter of the Turkish capital, near the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1884 he was the most prominent but passive candidate for the vacant Patriarchal chair of Constantinople, but another candidate was elected, and he was obliged to leave the capital and to repair to his see of Nicomedia. He is virtually in exile, for reasons unknown. This I learn from a friend in Constantinople who knows him well. In the spring of 1884 the University of Edinburgh, at its tercentenary celebration, conferred on him, on Professor **Dorner**, of Berlin (who since died), on **Pressensé**, of Paris, and a few others, the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity, which was well deserved, and conferred honor on the giver as well as the receiver.

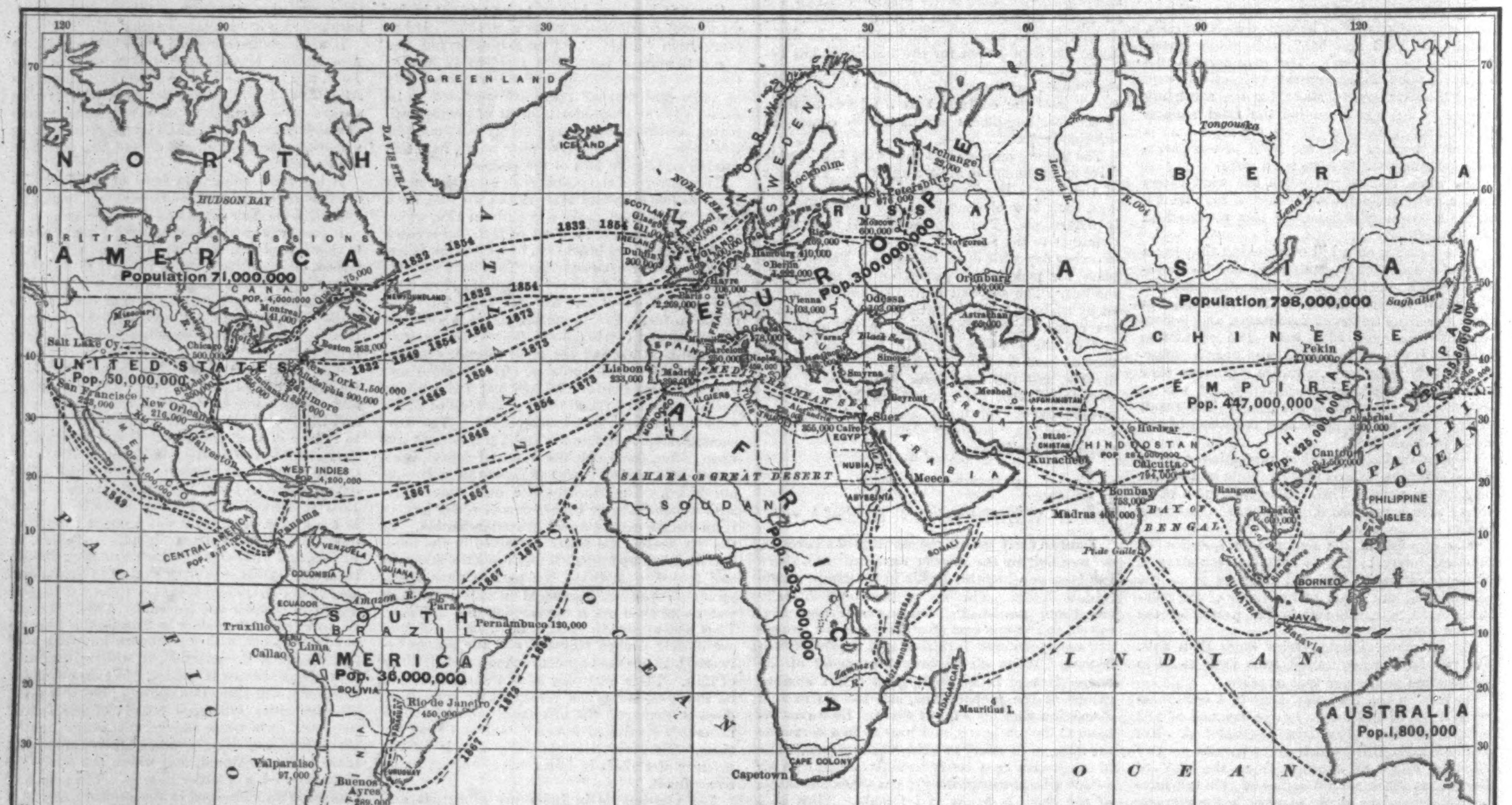
Bryennios is a tall, courteous, dignified, and fine-looking Eastern prelate, with an intelligent and pleasant face, high forehead, black hair, dark and expressive eyes, great conversational power, and personal magnetism.

His fame as a theologian rests on the discovery and publication of the Jerusalem manuscript of the Epistles of **Clement** of Rome, which had been known only in part, and of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, which had never been published before. He discovered the manuscript in 1873, and edited it with great care, learned prolegomena, and notes which show a rare knowledge of the Bible, the fathers, and modern German divines.

The *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* is a small treatise of sixteen chapters, and contains a summary of catechetical instruction, and directions concerning baptism, the Lord's Supper, the officers of the Church (apostles, prophets, teachers, bishops, and deacons), and exhortations to watchfulness in view of the second coming of Christ and the end of the world. It corresponds, as it were, to our catechisms, prayer-books, and church directories. It gives the Lord's Prayer in the very words of Matthew, with the advice to pray it three times a day, and three eucharistic prayers, the oldest extant, very brief and simple, but allows also free prayer in public worship. It directs the observance of the first day of the week as the Lord's Day in commemoration of His resurrection, and of Wednesday and Friday as fast-days in commemoration of His passion and crucifixion. It gives preference to river baptism by immersion, according to the precedent of Christ's baptism in the Jordan, but allows also other modes, by affusion or pouring, in case of scarcity of water. It gives directions for apostles, *i.e.*, wandering evangelists or itinerant missionaries, prophets, and other ministers of the Gospel. Its moral tone is most excellent, and in full harmony with the Sermon on the Mount, from which several passages are taken. It sums up the Christian duty in the royal commandment of love to God and love to our fellow-men.

The treatise was probably written by a disciple of the Apostles, before the close of the first century, in Palestine or Syria. Its chief value is that it puts us into the situation of the Church immediately after the death of the Apostles, and before the ecclesiastical consolidation which we find early in the second century, especially in the Ignatian Epistles. The author was a Jewish Christian and contemporary of **Clement**, the first Bishop of Rome, whose Epistle to the Corinthians is now fully in our possession by the discovery of **Bryennios**. These two documents are by far the most valuable among the writings of the so-called Apostolic Fathers. But when we compare them with the New Testament, they are merely a weak echo of the words of inspiration, and furnish one of the best proofs for the Divine origin of our Gospels and Epistles.

Philip Schaff, D.D.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PACIFIC OCEAN
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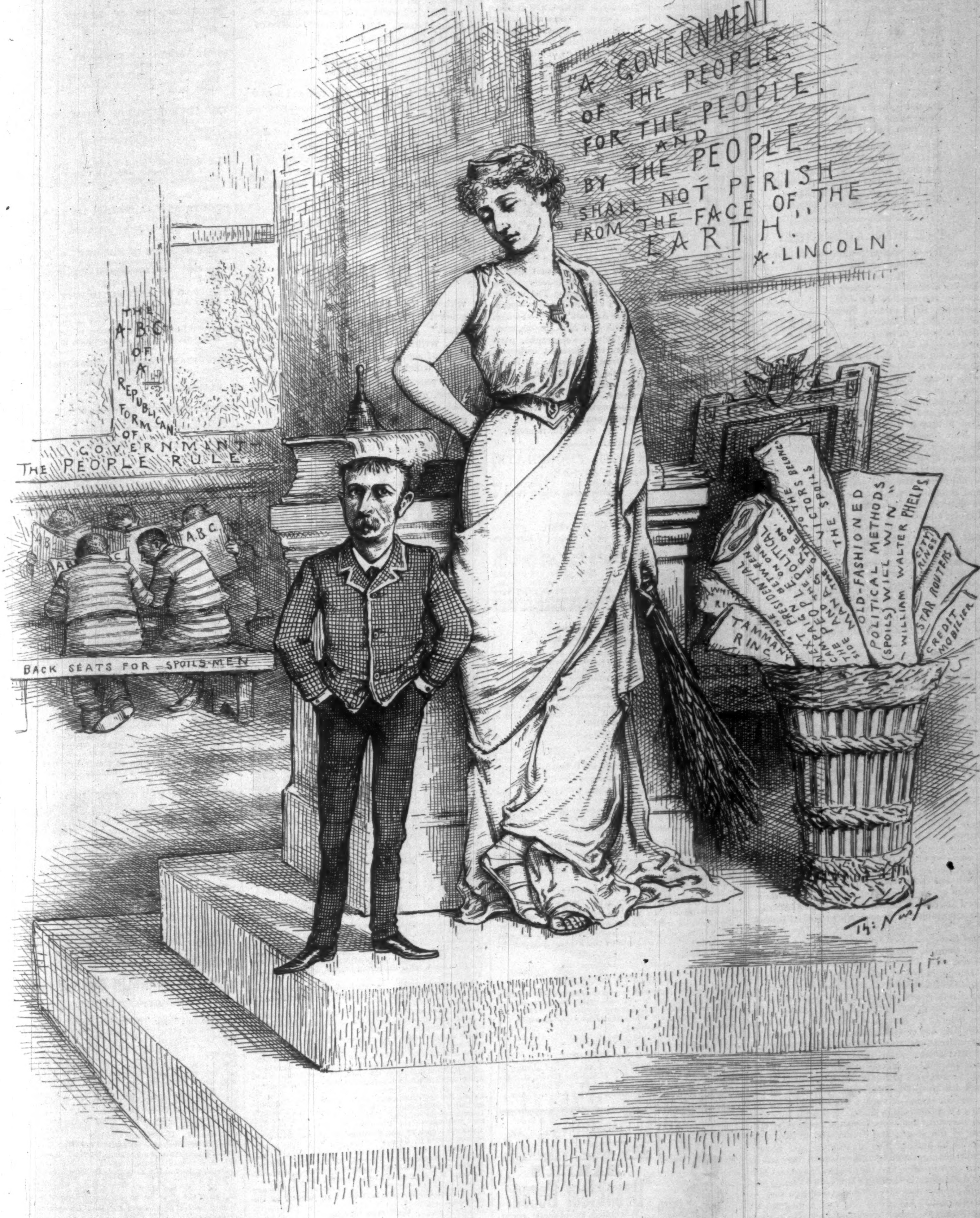
ROUTES OF ASIATIC CHOLERA.—By Dr. John C. Peters.—[See Page 267.]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FIFTY-THREE.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

No, my friend, you are not old,
Though to silver turns the gold
Of your hair, and though the blue
Of your eyes grows fainter too,
And you gravely say to me,
"Ah! to-day I'm fifty-three."

Such a loyal heart as lies
In your bosom Time defies,
And your voice must still be young,
For it late sweet verses sung;
And your laugh is wondrously
Spring-attuned for fifty-three.

Some there are but half those years
Deaf to everything that cheers,
Dumb when they should kindly speak,
Blind to all the poor and weak.
Older these, 'tis plain to see,
Are than you at fifty-three.

None throughout this world, in sooth,
Part so slowly with their youth
As those spirits who delight
In making dreary pathways bright.
Old, my friend, *you* will not be
When much more than fifty-three.

THE DUNLAP SOCIETY.

The Dunlap Society, which was founded here only a short time ago, is already a successful organization. It was founded by several well-known collectors of American dramatic books and prints, notably Mr. J. H. V. Arnold, Mr. H. Edwards, Mr. Laurence Hutton, Mr. Thomas J. McKee, and Mr. Brander Matthews. It has practical objects: to bring together all those persons interested in the history of the American theatre; to publish books and pamphlets that may throw light on this history, most of which would otherwise remain unknown or unprinted; to collect and to preserve portraits of distinguished American actors, dramatists, and other theatrical celebrities, and to issue engravings of these from time to time to its members.

Now these objects of the new society, it will be perceived, reach a good deal further than the stage. If they stopped short at the stage, most of us would care very little about them; they would merely stimulate the curiosity of collectors and connoisseurs. But the work of the society must necessarily bear upon the culture, the intelligence, and the art of our people.

The society has named itself ingeniously. I find in the old *American Quarterly Review* for June, 1827, this notice of William Dunlap: "The earliest dramatic writer of New York, and we think the best, was William Dunlap, since better known as a painter than dramatist. This gentleman is the author and translator of many excellent plays; many of them, written on the spur of the occasion to celebrate anniversaries, are of course hardly amenable to criticism. We regret that we are unable to procure copies of the whole, which are said to amount to forty in number. Among those we do possess is a comedy called *The Father of an Only Child*, which the author in his preface says was written as early as 1788, and to have been at the time of its publication the first and only American play that had come from the press. Setting this question aside, the play of Mr. Dunlap was, we believe, the first American play represented on the stage, and if it possessed no other claim, would be entitled to notice on that question." Dunlap, I may add, wrote and did his work as a manager at a very crude period of our history. Yet he labored earnestly, and he was esteemed by his most distinguished contemporaries, Cooke, Fennel, Fenimore Cooper, Hodgkinson, Charles Brockden Brown, and a score of other clever men. He has no place in our literature, and it would be a waste of effort and good-nature to revive any of his plays. The best of these plays—some of which tell their stories in their titles—are *The Father of an Only Child*, *The Miser's Wedding*, *Lord Leicester*, *William Tell*, *André*, *The Stranger* (an adaptation of Kotzebue's hysterical drama), *False Shame*, *Fraternal Discord*, *The Wife of Two Husbands*, *The Soldier of '76*, *The Battle of New Orleans*, *The Life of a Gambler*, and *Robespierre*.

Dunlap is looked upon to-day chiefly as one of the historians of our stage, and his records, which are carefully arranged, and have great value, fill an important place in the American library. Like the records of Ireland, which belong to a later date, they are classed among very rare books.

On the whole, therefore, the society organized by Mr. McKee, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Matthews, and their companions is well named. Yet the reader may be disposed to think that its name is better than its purpose, since the *antiquities* of the American stage—if such a word may be used—have no special significance. It is quite true that our literature has been, from the beginning, outside of the stage; the dramatists of that time had slight kinship with great ideas and accomplishment; nevertheless, they strove forward in their own fashion, and they might have been better dramatists if they had had better encouragement; at any rate, they produced a certain amount of substantial work, and this was a medium of expression for many famous players. In dealing with their work and with those players, the Dunlap Society ought to excite—perhaps indirectly—a serious interest in the stage. Whatever is done for the elevation and honor of the stage at the moment, is done wisely. Too much is done for its degradation. It stands overmuch for the low, the licentious, and the frivolous. It should stand for the high and the best. Matthew Arnold has assured us that we ought to reform the theatre, since the theatre must be.

The society will commence at once the publication of a series of books which shall discuss the biography and bibliography of the American theatre. These books will be issued unbound, uncut, stitched, and in paper covers, and each book will have an index. A distinction will be made, however, between books and pamphlets. Several pamphlets will complete a volume of two hundred to three hundred pages. Now and then—hardly now, I imagine—the books and pamphlets will be illustrated. Any person may join the society by sending his name and five dollars to the treasurer, Thomas J. McKee, 338 Broome Street, New York. The responses and letters that have come to the society since it began an exceedingly modest life show that persons in all classes of society and in all parts of the country regard it with sympathy and enthusiasm. Eight or ten books are soon to be presented by the society to its subscribers, among them the following curious works, none of which, I venture to say, would attract a reasonable publisher: *The Contrast*, the first comedy by an American author performed on the stage, by Royall Tyler, edited by Thomas J. McKee; *The Life and Works of Royall Tyler*, by Thomas J. McKee; *The Life of Thomas A. Cooper*, by Joseph U. Ireland; *When was the Drama Introduced in America?* by Chief Justice Charles P. Daly; *Reminiscences of Charlotte Cushman*, by Lawrence Barrett; *The Poetical Addresses of the American Stage*, collected and edited by Laurence Hutton; *A Sketch of American Dramatic Portraits*, by J. H. V. Arnold; *André*, a play, by William Dunlap, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Brander Matthews.

All these books, and any others that may be published, will be circulated exclusively among members of the Dunlap Society. The society will hold a meeting each year in January—probably in the rooms of the Authors' Club—at which there will be an exhibition of MSS., books, pamphlets, portraits, engravings, autographs, playbills, and other objects that interest collectors and those who love stage traditions. It is believed now that the society will be able to print six hundred pages of matter, in good type and on fine paper, every year. A list of members, a catalogue of the exhibition, and a first report will be offered at the meeting next January

G. E. Montgomery.

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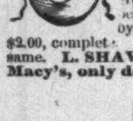

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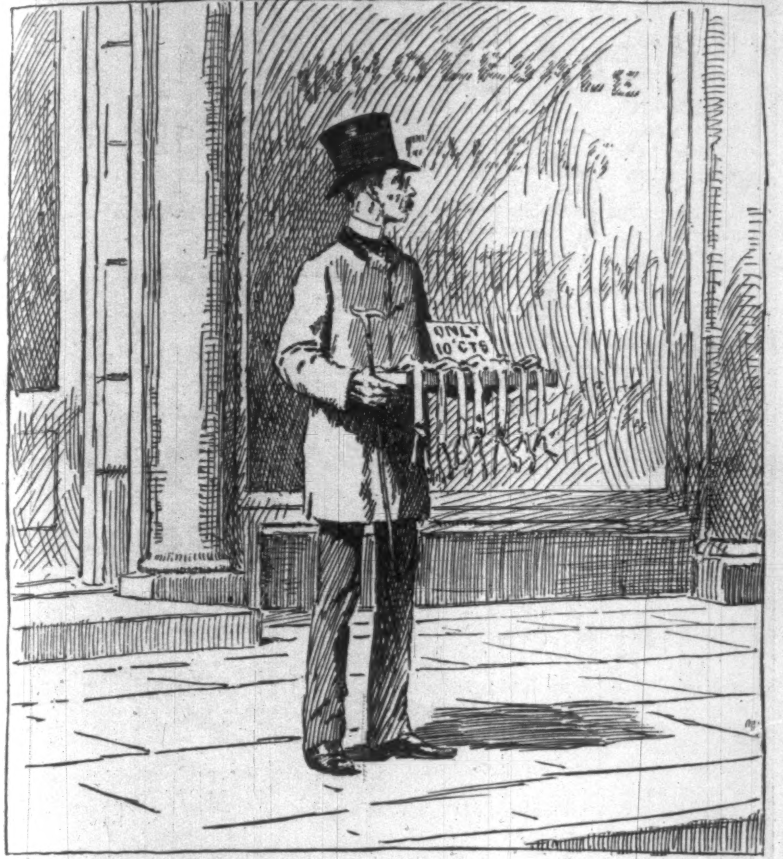

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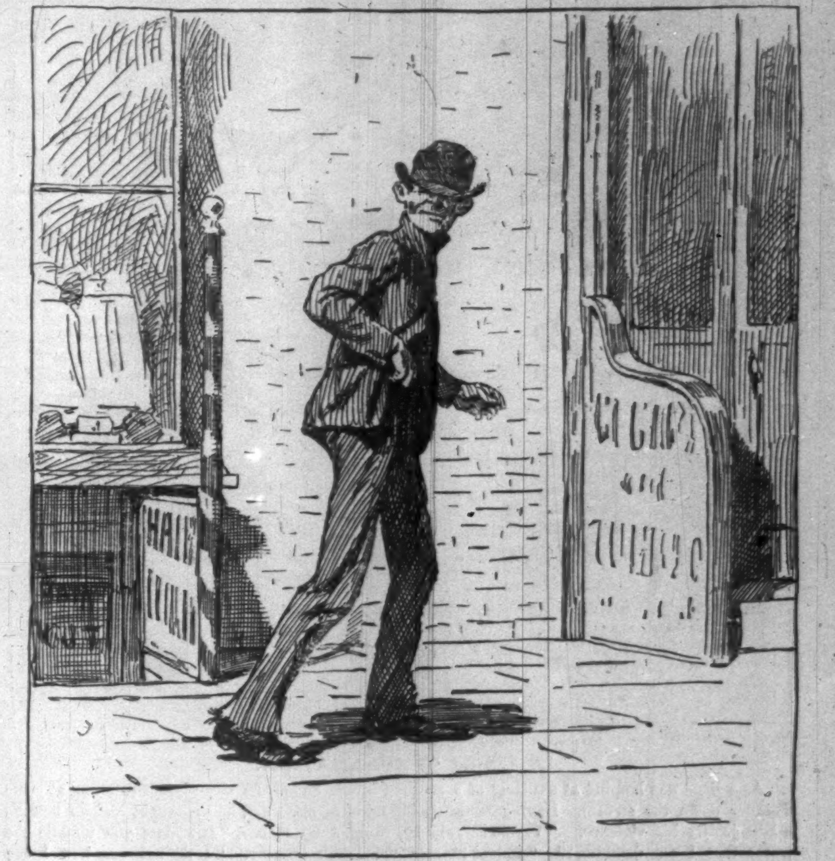

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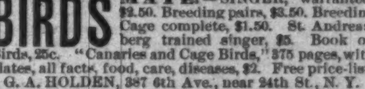

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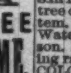

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